

sputnik

MONTHLY DIGEST

February 1989

3/6



- Photographer at large in Odessa
- Happy landings for moon orbiters
- All about the Russian ballet



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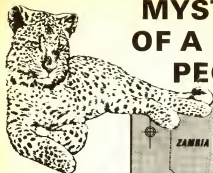


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February number OUT NOW 3/6

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COVER: In every country there is at least one town or city of which a mere mention raises a smile—it's name is linked with so many jokes. Like Marseille, or Aberdeen, The Soviet Union's equivalent is Odessa, and on the cover and pages 120-127 we publish new photographs of Odessa sent by Oestil Gherman and Alexander Marklov.

PHOTO CREDITS: Pages 8-13, Miroslav Marasov; 23-32, Alexander Guryanov, Nikolai Akimov; 69-79, Irina Stric; 94-105, Yefim Pekurovsky; 106-107, Vladimir Kachka.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Spires and spaceships

Vyacheslav Zaitsev's article on Temples and Spaceships made excellent reading (September 1968 issue). His previous one about an allied subject was equally fascinating (January 1967).

In this connection, I would like to mention that the word "vimana" in Sanskrit means both an airborne vehicle and a temple spire. Of course, more research should be conducted before any definite conclusions can be reached.

Ranga Rao, Madras, India

In the article on Temples and Spaceships it is mentioned that the word "nave" meant craft or ship in all European languages. I would like to point out that in the Indian languages it also means something, having originated from the Sanskrit word "nav", meaning ship.

However, I do not agree with the viewpoint of the author, because it is not at all possible that there would be duplicate biological processes somewhere else in the universe leading to exactly similar biological characters evolving at practically the same time, and to one group of them visiting another in the distant past without leaving any material evidence or without our having any idea of their present whereabouts.

The architectural designs are the natural outcomes of human habits.

R. B. Shah, Bombay, India

Frank and realistic

I should like to see SPUTNIK publish more about young people, about

their life in hostels and factories, about their holidays at camp, about their pastimes and their education.

Please write, too, about the negative aspects; for example, hooliganism and drunkenness, especially in the larger cities.

By the way, I do not agree with the opinion of George Pish of Australia, whose letter was published in your August 1968 issue, or with his judgment of the sculptures of Arto Chokmakchan.

Eugeniusz Koch, Warsaw, Poland

Such articles as "Getting to Know the Octopus", "The Low and Common Balalaika", "Gangsters in Russia" and "The Unmarried Mother: Human Problem, Russian Style", stood out in your July 1968 issue. It is especially important to have such human interest material as the last article, which opens up areas of life common to people everywhere, and presents the Soviet answers in realistic, frank terms.

Holland Roberts, San Francisco, USA

Bon appetit!

Being a young man looking after myself, I have tried some of your recipes and found them quite delicious.

Trevor Langlands, Lithgow, Australia

I very much liked the article in the September 1968 SPUTNIK about the Odessa Opera Theatre, and also the Armenian recipes.

Zheka Doncheva, Stara Zagora, Bulgaria

SPUTNIK helps

I teach Russian at a school. Your magazine is a great help to me in preparing lessons.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The article about schools and the upbringing of children was of especial interest to us (my wife is also a teacher). The article we found most interesting of all was the one in the August 1968 issue, "Do We Love Our Children?" We have begun to bring up our daughters, aged two and four, according to the Nikitins' method. And we, of course, love our children very dearly.

Monika and Dieter Weisbach,
Neubakel, German Democratic Republic
SPUTNIK is my favourite magazine. Furthermore, it helps me with my Russian language study.

Last year I visited the Soviet Union and went to Moscow, Kiev and the Crimea. We liked your country tremendously, particularly Kiev. I am also very interested in Leningrad. I have heard that it is the most beautiful city in the USSR and that the Leningraders love it very much. This year I shall definitely take a trip there.

Dorota Filler, Warsaw, Poland
Mure, please!

I read eagerly and with interest the material published in SPUTNIK about the work of Russian and Soviet writers, poets and artists. But I feel there is too little about architecture, and, after all, the architecture of Central Asia and the Far East is marvellous.

Another thing, I do not think you give enough emphasis to Soviet achievements in science, especially in electronics and space research, fields in which there have been immense advances.

Andrzej Tysiac, Poznan, Poland
Pen-friends wanted

I am interested in corresponding with people everywhere. My interests are music, travel, photography, water

sports, art and literature. My age is 30 and I am a writer. I can read French, Spanish, Russian and some German, besides English.

**Richard L. Betha, 1208-B St. Mary's Court,
Long Beach, California 90813, USA**

I want pen-friends from all over the world. My hobbies are reading and writing stories to the local papers.

**Anand Piyassu, 47 Kottawa Road,
Mirihona, Nuwara, Ceylon**

Looking for pen-friends from all over the world. My age is 30 and I am a last-year student of chemistry. I also work in the Bulgarian Union of Sports. My hobbies are: stamps, books, records and athletics. I know Russian, English, Bulgarian and some German.

Maria Kalebrowa,
15 Greben Planina Street, Sofia 21, Bulgaria

I would like to enjoy the pleasure of your pen pals' club scheme. My age is 20 and I am an engineering student. I know English, Hindi and Gujarati.

**Raj, 96 Ellesmere Street,
Bolton, Lancashire, England**

Being a young journalist, I am interested in journalism and photography. I hope to have pen-friends interested in journalism, photography and astronomy from every part of the world. Correspondence could be only in English.

T. Indralingam,
416 Navalar Road, Jaffna, Ceylon

I would like to have pen-friends in Korea, China, U.A.R. and all over the world. I am 17. My interests are classical music, theatre and stamps. I know English, Spanish and Portuguese.

Rodofo Anesi,
C.P.113, Santo Anastacio S.P., F.F.S.,
Brazil

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I would like to correspond with friends from all over the world, either in French or in English. I am 24 years old. My interests are science and music.

Roger Karan, Zaak Michael, Jounie, Lebanon

I am a schoolgirl of 17. I would like to correspond with people from all over the world. I speak English and my hobbies and interests are writing, travel, drama and all types of music.

Tessa Cowan, Fegty, Rasiyn Road, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa

I am a Polish student. My hobbies are music, literature and philately. Can correspond in Russian, English, German and Polish.

Adam Ratusinski, Węgarzewska, skr. pocz. 17, wuj. Olsztyn, Poland

I am looking for pen-friends from different countries. I am fond of books and hiking. I know English, Russian and Polish.

Alina Garbawska, 6 al. Kutbowskiego, m.25, Warsaw, Poland

I would like to correspond with pen-friends in English in all countries. I am 15 and my hobbies include music and poetry.

Barry Marcus, 126 Lyndhurst Way, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.15, England

I am a medical student of 19. I know English, Russian and Bulgarian. Collecting stamps, view-cards and records. I am fond of music, books and tourism.

Kamen Tzachev, Blvd. 9 September 41, Block II, Entr. II, Sofia 12, Bulgaria

I would like to correspond with friends from any country around the world. I am a 26-year-old habrdresser. My hobbies are: books, art, music, horses, hunting and handicrafts. I am a full-blood Sioux Indian. Speak English, Spanish, French and, of course, my native Sioux.

Jack W. Smith (Eagle Shield), 812 Columbus Street, Rapid City, South Dakota, USA

I want to have pen-friends all over the world. I know Portuguese and English. My hobbies include correspondence, music and guitar.

Araubro Lopes Fierento, Banca de Brasil, Rua da Candelaria 6, Agde, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

I am 16 and would like to have pen-pals all over the world. Can correspond in English, Italian and Russian.

Katia V. Patrora, Latinka Street, Block 74, Entr. A., Sofia 13, Bulgaria

I am a student of Vivekananda college and a philatelist. I wish to have pen-friends in connection with my hobbies: philately, swimming and photography.

S. Rajagopal, 27 Fifth Main Road, R.A. Param, Madras 28, India

I would like to correspond with students from all over the world, but especially from the East European countries. I am 20 and I am fond of sports, music, books and films. I could correspond in Russian, Italian, English and French.

Jan-Roch Doris, 9 rue G. Bizet, 59 Marq-Baroet, France

We very much regret that we are unable to publish the names and addresses of all the hundreds of people who write to us seeking pen-friends. Because of lack of space we now have to limit this service to SPUTNIK subscribers.—Editor.



Mister Sputnik

Drawing by Vadim Konoplianski



by Mikhail SENIN

from the magazine *SOVIETSKY EKRAN* (Soviet Screen)

People of 14 nationalities took part in the rescue of Umberto Nobile's expedition, stranded in the Arctic ice in the summer of 1928.

Day and night, people all over the world sat listening for radio signals from the Arctic. One who picked up a message was Nikolai Schmidt, a 17-year-old self-taught radio ham living in a remote village near Archangel. He sent off a telegram to Moscow, and the Soviet Government's commission for the rescue of the Nobile expedition despatched the ice-breaker *Krasin* to make a search.

Nine members of the crew of the airship *Italia*, which had met with disaster, remained alive. On an ice-floe 60 sea miles from Spitzbergen, they awaited rescue in a gondola covered with red canvas—the colour of life and hope.

The Soviet-Italian film "The Red

Tent" is directed by Mikhail Kalatozov, who made "The Cranes Are Flying". The scenario was written by Enrico de Concini.

Their aim is not merely to reproduce historic events. They also investigate a problem which has lost none of its topicality: did Nobile have the right to make people risk their lives, even in the name of a lofty cause, that of demonstrating the power of human will and reason?

Nobile chose a wrong course for his dirigible. He allowed his people to leave their ice-floe, as a result of which Malmgren, the Swedish scientist, lost his life. Nobile himself got off in a plane when the opportunity arose. Yet for each of his actions there are a multitude of reasons and justifications.

It was not merely a question of the conscience of an Italian explorer.



Soviet-Italian film of Nobile Expedition

The vital thing was that he chose a road in life along which sacrifices were inevitable—because it widened the bounds of human knowledge and aspirations and because he realised that there was a historical need to do what he did.

The fascist commission set up to investigate the reasons for the disaster blamed Nobile for everything. On Mussolini's orders a smear campaign was unfolded, and its echoes can be heard to this day. In the film Nobile says in reply to his accusers, "I declare that if it happened all over again I would conduct myself as I did then, for my conscience is clear. I led people in a heroic feat, and I have nothing to reproach myself for."

He makes this statement to the court which examines all the circumstances in detail. It is not a State

court, but rather a symbolic court, a court of history, of conscience, of the audience. Members of the expedition speak before the judge, played by British actor Paul Scofield, and each one's story merges into a flashback to the actual event.

The impression of reality is heightened by the use of a great deal of documentary material—contemporary photographs, maps, portraits of expedition members, shots from Italian, German and Soviet newsreels. This has had a great influence on the style chosen by the makers of the film, in particular on Leonid Kalashnikov, the cameraman. The style is a combination of the documentary and the romantic, of realism and emotion.

There are many well-known actors in this film. Nobile himself is played by the British actor Peter Finch, and Lundberg, the Swedish flier who



Claudia Cardinale, the Italian star who plays the part of a Swedish nurse in the Soviet-Italian film "The Red Tent".

found the party, by Hardy Kruger, a German. Georgian actor Otar Kobelidze takes the part of Ceceni, the mechanic, and Yuri Vishor, a popular Moscow singer, plays the scientist Begounek. Eduard Martsevich, a member of Moscow's Mayakovskiy Theatre company, is seen in the role of Malmgren, the meteorologist.

The party went to the Arctic to film scenes from the voyage of the

Krasin and the rescue of members of the expedition by Soviet people. After shooting on the set at Mosfilm Studios in Moscow, the party went to Norway and Italy.

In Oslo they filmed the episode where Valeria, Malmgren's fiancée, who is a nurse, searches from King's Bay to Spitzbergen for the eminent explorer Amundsen, to ask him to help with the rescue. This is the only



The British actor Peter Finch on location. Peter takes the role of Nobile, the Italian explorer whose airship crashed.

feminine role in the film, and, unlike the other characters, Valeria had no prototype in real life. She is a symbol of those who remain at home while their men go off to distant parts.

The *Italia's* take-off on April 15, 1928, was filmed in Milan. The film's artist, David Vinitsky, went to Rome to get the approval of Umberto Nobile himself for the sketches and drawings of the flying model of the

airship. Eighty-three-year-old Nobile is still in robust health, and recalls all the expedition's troubles in the utmost detail.

Nobile has been taking a great interest in work on the film, which does more than recreate the events of 40 years ago. It also provides an opportunity to make an unimpassioned moral assessment of them.

*In this international film
a Soviet actor,
Boris Khmel'nitsky,
plays an Italian flier.*



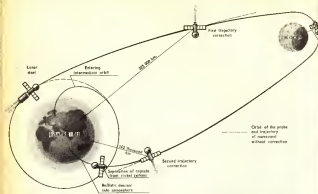
*Claudia Cardinale with
Mikhail Kalatozov, the director
during a break in filming.*



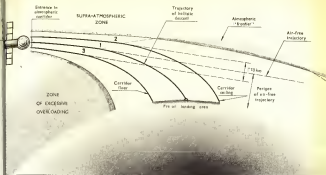
*In this case the nationalities match;
Mario Adorf appears as the
expedition's Italian radio operator.*

*Members of the Nobile expedition
pay their last respects
to the remains of their airship,
which has crashed in the Arctic.*





The flight of Zond-5 probe on the earth-moon-earth route.



The probe's entry into the atmosphere and its descent to earth. 1, pre-set point of entry. 2, a point of entry into the atmosphere involving descent on the far edge of the landing area. 3, a point of entry involving descent on the near edge of the landing area.

HAPPY LANDINGS FOR MOON ORBITERS

by Professor
A. DMITRIEV
from PRAVDA

With the recovery of Soviet space probe Zond-5 after its trip round the moon in September 1968, one of the most difficult problems of space flight was solved.

★ ★ ★

Advances in astronautics, following a number of Soviet and American lunar flight probes, made the search for a way to bring spacecraft

safely back from inter-planetary flights a top priority job.

Recovery of a spacecraft after an inter-planetary trip is a much more complex business than returning an earth satellite, and one of the principal flight objectives of the Zond-5 experiment was the accurate re-entry of the probe at the second cosmic velocity and a soft landing in a designated area.

Zond-5, together with the last stage of the carrier rocket, was launched on its earth-moon-earth flight on September 15, 1968, in an orbit with an apogee of 219 km, a perigee of 187 km and an orbital inclination of 51.5 degrees.

Sixty-seven minutes after the launching, at a command from the programming device, the engine of the last stage of the carrier rocket

was switched on to increase the speed to second cosmic velocity (11.2 km/sec.), the speed required to put a vehicle on to a lunar path. Before this engine was switched on, the probe and the last stage of the carrier rocket were positioned in space very precisely. When the engine unit finished functioning, the last stage of the carrier rocket was separated from the probe.

Once the probe was on its path towards the moon, its trajectory was measured and found to be very close to the pre-set trajectory. Telemetered information also confirmed that all the systems and scientific equipment aboard the spacecraft were functioning normally.

* * *

After the trajectory data had been processed, corrections were made to ensure that the craft would go into moon orbit at a predetermined distance from the moon, and that the probe would return to a designated area on earth. The ground control centre transmitted the information required for the flight adjustment, but before these corrections were made, corresponding orientation adjustments were carried out. The probe was given the angular velocity required to enable it to seek the sun by means of an optical sensor. Then it was swung around to seek the earth and train the appropriate sensor on it.

These manoeuvres completed, Zond-5 orbited the moon. During this phase certain research work was carried out, measurements were taken and the equipment aboard the craft was checked. Then the spacecraft swung on to its home trajectory. A further trajectory correction was made during the return flight, to ensure that the probe re-entered the earth's atmosphere at a predetermined angle. During all these operations the speed of the craft varied by no more than 0.005 per cent.

Two vital conditions must be met before a spacecraft can return to earth and land in a designated area without being affected by excessive gravitational force. Both the angle of re-entry and the point where re-entry occurs must precisely conform to predetermined data.

To ensure that braking takes place in the required manner, the craft must be made to approach the earth at a very acute angle—almost tangentially—so that the flight trajectory crosses only the upper atmospheric layers while braking takes place. Contact with the atmosphere causes the craft to lose almost all its entry speed of approximately 11 km/sec. within a relatively short period. Then, at an altitude of about seven kilometres, when the velocity has dropped to something like 200 metres per second, a parachute system comes into operation to ensure a soft landing.

* * *

To land a spacecraft in a designated area, the perigee must be maintained with exceptional accuracy. If the perigee is higher than that intended, the craft will cross the more rarefied atmospheric layers and the braking force will be lower than it should be. If the perigee is too low, excessive braking would cause the craft to land short of the mark and to encounter other undesirable factors. A perigee error of plus 25 km would cause it to miss the earth altogether, and an error of minus 10 km would expose it to excessive gravitational

force and consequent overheating.

The optimum re-entry angles are five to six degrees to the local horizon and the optimum perigee is 35 km. Under these conditions, the descent in ballistic trajectory will result in braking overloads of not more than 16 units.

If the angle of entry is increased by one degree, the size of the overload increases to 30 or 40 units, which may destroy the spacecraft. On the other hand, if the angle of entry is reduced by one degree, the craft may miss the earth's atmosphere and travel back into space; then only the earth's force of attraction would ultimately bring it down.

It would have to describe many ellipses before the terrestrial pull would bring it through atmospheric layers sufficiently dense to slow it down enough for landing.

Much time would be lost and the chance of an accurate landing would be slim.

Thus, to land a spacecraft in a predetermined area it is imperative that its approach to the earth's atmosphere be made within very precise limits.

The pre-set width of Zond-5's "entry corridor" was only 10-13 km, infinitesimally small compared with the 385,000 km the probe had travelled to the moon.

* * *

The tremendous shock wave encountered by spacecraft passing through the dense atmospheric layers at second cosmic velocity causes the

temperature to leap to 13,000°C.

Temperatures of only 7,000 to 8,000 degrees C are all that earth-orbiting spacecraft have to contend with when they re-enter the atmosphere at first cosmic velocity.

Effective protection against high temperatures is therefore vital. It can be provided by selecting an appropriate shape for the craft and providing a coat of insulating materials.

* * *

The shape of Zond-5, determined by theoretical and experimental means, was a complicated scientific and technical task. The formula for the insulating envelope is very complex too; it includes various heat resistant and thermal insulating materials.

* * *

Precision and accuracy in all phases of the Zond-5 project were clearly demonstrated when, the required aerodynamic braking having been completed, the parachute system came into operation and the probe made a successful predetermined splash-down in its landing area in the Indian Ocean after a seven-day trip around the moon.

APOGEE: Point in orbit farthest from earth.

PERIGEE: Point in orbit nearest to earth.

One metre — about 39 inches.

One kilometre — about 3,280 ft.

SPOTLIGHT



by Vladimir Pozner

AMERICA 1969-1972. CERTAIN PREDICTIONS IN
CONNECTION WITH RICHARD NIXON'S BEING SWORN
IN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE APPEARANCE of this issue of SPUTNIK will coincide with a major event: on January 20 Richard Milhous Nixon will take the oath that will make him the 37th President of the United States of America. This event—or, rather, its consequences—are a centre of general interest; the U.S. plays a vital role, the American President has immense power: clearly, the advent of a new Administration is a subject for general concern.

Many people, from the most naive dilettante to professional politicians, are trying to guess what may be expected from the United States in the years to come. I am no exception. But before making any

predictions, I would like to touch on the results of the 1968 presidential elections, since these results will, to a great extent, affect both the foreign and domestic policy of the Nixon Administration.

Minus 49,500,000

Six weeks before November 1968, a Harris survey furnished the figures for what might be called the phenomenoo of the frustrated voter. Thus, 57 per cent of those polled said they would prefer someone other than Nixon, Humphrey or Wallace as President; only 49 per cent felt that they were being offered a "fair choice" in candidates, and 46 per cent professed themselves

"disappointed" by the selection before them.

Out of 121.5 million Americans old enough to vote, 74 million were expected to exercise their right. In reality even less voted—some 72 million.

As we know, Nixon received 43.5 per cent of the votes cast. But what about those who abstained from voting, those who found none of the candidates suitable? If one takes them into account—and not to do so would be wrong, for these are living active people who will certainly react to policies of the new Administration—it becomes evident that Nixon received about 26 per cent of the total possible vote.

Humphrey received some 25* per cent, Wallace, 8 per cent.

The majority of American journalists were unanimous in stating that, while many Americans were deeply disillusioned with Old Politics, they had no appetite for radical solutions—hence the choice of candidates at Miami Beach and Chicago reflected in a rough way the popular mood. Some even said that Barry Goldwater had made his bid for the Presidency four years too early because the American electorate had moved to the right.

I find it hard to agree with this.

Goldwater lost to a man whose name was closely linked to the

Administration of John Kennedy, a man who became President as a result of the Dallas tragedy and who promised to follow the road of the New Frontier. The results of the 1964 elections gave an unequivocal answer as to what platform attracted the American voter more—a clearly reactionary one or, on the whole, a progressive one: the man who picked up the Kennedy banner inflicted a resounding defeat on Goldwater.

The 1968 election was different in every respect. None of the three candidates was even remotely reminding of a man who would fulfil the Kennedy legacy.

Neither Nixon nor Wallace had the slightest pretence to that respect. Humphrey, too, could hardly be considered as that kind of possibility. When he said that "there may be a tendency to conservatism in the country right now. If you let the country move that way, it will," he was actually maintaining a position in line with Nixon.

Humphrey openly admitted: "I'm not a fighter; I'm a conciliator." And the electorate heartily concurred. "There are two sides to every question; Humphrey endorses both." read a placard in Chicago.

And yet, realising that Humphrey represented at least the possibility of a liberal trend, the voters

allotted him only 0.5 per cent fewer of their votes than Nixon.

But what about those 49.5 million (41 per cent) who did not vote at all? It is my belief, that if, instead of Humphrey, there had been a candidate of the J.F.K. order, he would have received a vast majority of the votes cast for Humphrey plus a great many that were not cast at all. Nixon, then, would have lost the election.

Problems

The election is over. Only 26 per cent of all possible votes, or 43.5 per cent of those cast, have established Richard Nixon in the White House.

This in itself represents the first problem the President must solve: how to go about policy-making without having the majority of the American people behind him.

There is a second fact that creates a no less serious problem. Both the House and the Senate are controlled by the Democratic Party. Nixon is the first modern President-elect who will have to contend with an opposition-controlled Congress. How will he go about policy-making in this case?

In all probability, Nixon will have to form a cabinet that reflects not only Republican, but also Humphrey-Democrat interests. Realising the popularity of Eugene

McCarthy among student youth and the Negro population, Nixon will probably try to represent this interest—at least in token form. Lastly, the new President will try to win back the Deep South, lost by both the Republican and Democratic parties to George Wallace. A piece of the pie may well go to Dixieland.

The events that have occurred during the interregnum period—from November 5 to the time of writing—seem to prove my point. By this I mean the overt friendliness of Nixon's statements concerning the Johnson Administration and, in particular, his words to the effect that the "current Administration is setting forth policies that will be carried forward by the next Administration".

Thus, the first thing we may expect from Nixon is the creation of a non-partisan Administration.

This done, how will the U.S. President go about solving problems of domestic and foreign policy?

Looking to '72

When I say that Mr. Nixon wants to be a two-term President, I doubt if this statement will cause heated arguments. Also doubtless, he understands that this is only wishful thinking without ending the war in Vietnam. This is Nixon's foreign

policy goal number one, which, if not achieved, makes all his plans barren.

When he said that Johnson and Rusk "could speak not just for this Administration but for the nation, and that meant for the next Administration as well", Nixon was underlining his agreement with the Paris talks. If this means that Nixon's first foreign policy step will be ending the war in Vietnam, the more power to him.

At the same time, there is cause for anxiety: for instance, a planned increase in Government defence spending—\$10,000,000,000 over a four-year period, notwithstanding an anticipated ending to the Vietnam war, which has been costing the U.S. \$30,000,000,000 annually. How will these additional allocations be spent? According to a Nixon staff member, to finance a volunteer army and costly new weapons system.

History knows cases when the vast responsibility of being Head of State brought out new features in a man, made him show a deep understanding of the vital issues of the day. Today's vital issue is peace, which can only be guaranteed by general and complete disarmament. It would be gratifying to think that President Nixon will enhance this problem's solution by his political activities.

"The quiet Americans, the silent Americans, who have not been the protesters, who have not been the shouters—their voices are willing up across the country today. The great majority of Americans are angry. . . ."

Just whom did Mr. Nixon have in mind when he spoke those words during the presidential campaign? Who are the "quiet Americans"? What has made them "angry"?

They are the not poor, not coloured, not young population of America; they are the rather well-to-do middle class who treasure most of all their feeling of security. It is to them that Nixon appealed.

Indeed, today the "quiet American" is angry, for he has lost his feeling of security. His world is being threatened by countless racial revolts and student demonstrations, by all kinds of "radicals" and "anti-American elements".

Knowing this, all three candidates made "law and order" the dominant theme of their campaigns. This was so evident that, as Joseph Alioto, Mayor of San Francisco, remarked, it seemed that "none of the candidates is running for President. They're all running for sheriff". Nixon, however, took up the law-and-order issue before Humphrey.

There is really only one way to put an end to demonstrations of

blacks, students and the poor: one must admit the social roots of their discontent, something that in turn will engender important changes in American society as a whole. Nixon will hardly follow such a course.

There remains another possibility, one that Nixon seems to advocate:

"Doubling the conviction rate in this country would do far more to cure crime than quadrupling the funds for . . . the war on poverty."

I believe the new President will do everything possible to restore to the "quiet American" his Nirvana of security and tranquillity. He will attempt to reach his goal by strengthening "law and order"—or simply, by dealing with "shouters" and "protesters" more than strictly.

It is quite possible that Nixon's catering to the "quiet"—and well-off—American will define his domestic policy as a whole.

Social reform

During the Presidency of J.F.K., policy hinged on the conviction that the Government must spend vast sums of money to better the lot of Negroes, clean up the slums, improve health, education and transport. This money came from taxes taken from the higher-level income bracket.

Nixon will choose a different policy i.e. tax incentives to bestir

private enterprise to build ghetto factories and housing, to train the hard-core unemployed.

Federal control over private enterprise is something Nixon will probably avoid. During his campaign he accused the Democratic Administration of imposing "heavy-handed, bureaucratic regulatory schemes" on the securities industry. These statements were welcome at Wall Street and resulted in what the brokers called a "Nixon market".

In other words, the Nixon Administration will probably be characterised by total freedom for private enterprise both at home and in foreign investments abroad which, at least to a certain extent, were subject to federal control.

* * *

There have been many statements in the Western press to the effect that President Nixon is a pragmatic politician who will act according to the wishes and general feelings of those segments of the population that brought him into power.

Yet it must not be forgotten that the majority of Americans want a change in policy—they call for a deeper understanding of the social currents that have troubled the country for the past several years, and they are tired of the arms race and of Cold War doctrines.

A FARMER AND HIS FAMILY

by Alexander
GURYANOV

from the newspaper
SELSKAYA ZHIZN

- Living standards rise ten per cent in a year
- Chief sources of income
- New times mean new needs





The Arbuzovs hold a "council" with Alexander Arbuzov, head of the family, in the chair.



The middle generation of Arbuзовs have a leaning towards the mechanical. Galya works at the collective farm telephone exchange, and Victor can't keep his hands off a machine, even when he's not working—here he is fixing his motor-cycle. As far as young Vladimir is concerned, it's hard to say what his inclinations will be—he's too occupied with life at the nursery school at present.

On the far left, two generations of Arбузовs—Gannadi and his son Vladimir, and Victor Arбузов, who drives a milk lorry.



It is not my intention to describe the life of collective farmers in general. I simply want to present a typical family, average in every way—number of children, income, needs and desires.

So I went to the Bolshevik Collective Farm, which lies in a part of the country I have known for years, in the Vladimir Region, 125 miles west of Moscow.

At first I thought of Sergei Gusev. But he is one of the collective farm's executives, and so must be ruled out.

Then how about the Ivanovs? But Kondrati Ivanov's eight children—six daughters and two sons—either have received a secondary or higher technical education or are still at



The chairman of a collective farm must combine the talents of a statesman and the energy of a booster rocket. Akim Gorshkov, who heads the Bolshevik Collective Farm, has both, as witness the decorations on his lapel—the Red Flag of a Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, and the Star indicating that he is a Hero of Socialist Labour.



college. Even though every citizen has access to advanced education, eight students in one household removes it from the "average" category.

The Arbuzovs, members of the Bolshevik Collective Farm, suited my requirements perfectly. The family consists of eight. Three are skilled workers—two machine-operators and a dairy maid. Average income. Average home. Average cultural level.

First, let's look at the house they live in—a wooden structure, plastered interior, wallpapered bedrooms, modern furniture, gas cooker,

electrical appliances, etc.

The head of the family, Alexander Arbuzov, built the house himself. When it became necessary to shift its site and make some additions to fit in with a general village architectural pattern, Arbuzov received a long-term credit from the collective farm. Many other neighbours have their houses built for them by the farm's carpenters, and pay for them on a 10 to 20 years instalment plan.

The family's combined income is made up of payment in cash and in kind for their work on the farm, the produce of their private plot





and benefits from public consumption funds. Of the latter I'll say more later.

The three full-time working members of the family earned 2,804 roubles in cash last year, plus 356 roubles worth of collective farm produce as payment in kind.

On their private plot (about one acre) they kept a cow and a couple of dozen chickens, and raised a calf and two pigs. Their private garden provided them with vegetables. At retail prices the plot brought them a gross 2,060 roubles—but from that the 762 roubles paid to a herdsman, ploughman and lorry driver must be deducted. Still, it left a tidy net income. And Vladimir, one of the sons, also received a monthly student grant.

The Arbuzov family, after a series of intricate calculations, came up with the figure of 4,936 roubles as their total annual income, without including benefits from public consumption funds.

Is this a high or a low income for a family of this size? Arbuzov's father, Grigori, a "middle peasant" in the old days, thought his son's family had a high income. "Why", he said, "their receipts from their personal plot are greater than I ever earned when I had my own farm, plus the income I had from doing odd jobs on the side."

Reverting to the primitive terms

The men of the Arbuzov family unanimously vote for hunting as the finest form of recreation.

peasants used in the old days to calculate income—"bread currency"—the present family income "could buy nearly 110,000 pounds of bread."

Bread, of course, is still one of the staple foods in Russia. But rising living standards create new demands for variety in diet. The Arbuzovs eat well—up to 700 lbs of meat a year, 4,500 pints of milk and almost 2,500 eggs. They have to buy fish and tinned foods. Their food contains the required number of calories, vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates.

The family spends about half its cash income on food, 2,370 roubles in all. Quite a lot, you think—but old Grigori used to spend up to 90 per cent of his earnings on food, and ate poorly at that.

Where does the remainder of the income go? There is no rent to pay, but minor house repairs and improvements run to 150 roubles and another 160 roubles goes on gas, water, electricity and firewood. Small farm implements cost 110 roubles last year.

Clothes are expensive: 750 roubles is spent annually keeping the family wardrobes up to scratch. And wines and spirits, sweets and cigarettes add roughly another 375 roubles.

With a rise in educational standards comes a demand for books, magazines, newspapers, gramophone records, cinema tickets, sports equipment and other items. Last year expenses for cultural needs came to about 525 roubles.

"But this is a welcome expense," says Alexander Arbuzov. "If our

grandfather were alive and here he would say we were spending money on rubbish. The fact is that today we cannot live without all these things: they have become a necessity."

And does the family save any money? Yes, but they are not putting it aside for "a rainy day". They save with a definite purpose—to buy expensive items. That is how they acquired a TV set and a motorcycle last year.

Income and expenses do not tell the whole story. The living standard of a family cannot be measured by wages alone. Like all Soviet families, the Arbuзовs receive many social services free or at a discount.

A society's humanism is tested first of all by the concern it shows for children, the aged and the disabled.

In old Russia children were looked after by parents, sick people by relatives, and old people (if they had no children) by nobody. The peasant had reason to fear everything and everybody—the local authorities, bad weather, fire but most of all illness and old age.

Things are different now. For over ten years the Bolshevik Collective Farm has been paying its members average earnings for sick leave and annual holidays, maternity leave, and examination leave in the case of part-time students. Old people get pensions.

Looking through pre-Revolutionary statistics, I noticed these causes of death among peasants: burned, drowned, kicked by a horse, crushed under a loaded cart, mauled

by a bear, bitten by a viper . . . Up to 30 per cent of the peasants died from unnatural causes.

"Most of these people would have lived if only medical aid had been given them in time," said Timofei Biryukov, an old farmer, and added, "It was a terrible life we led in the village!"

Three miles away from the farm there is a well-staffed district hospital with a wide range of specialists. Nevertheless, the collective farmers decided to set up a medical station of their own, from which patients could be sent on to the hospital if necessary, and where prescribed treatments could be given for minor ailments.

For 20 years there has not been a single child's funeral on the farm; no-one has contracted malaria, tuberculosis or typhoid fever, to say nothing of smallpox and cholera, which were not infrequent in former times.

In one year the Arbuзов family used the services of the hospital, the crèche, the kindergarten and the school—at a cost to the State of 926 roubles.

This "secondary income", as the benefits from public consumption funds are often called, was equivalent to 36 per cent of the family's total income. This is a substantial addition to the family's living standards.

The family's living standards rose by more than ten per cent last year, and everyone confidently expects them to rise even faster in the future.

BULLFIGHT IN THE SNOW

by Yakov SEGEL

from the newspaper MOSKOVSKY KOMSOMOLET



The author, a film director, came across this story about a Spanish lad and a Siberian bull when he went to San Sebastian in 1966 for a film festival.

He had never been to a bullfight in his life. He had not the faintest idea what went on at one. All the same, people called him "Toreador", simply because he was a Spaniard.

"Toreador" . . . Some even imagined it was his name. But he was really Juan Lopez.

Now he was living in Siberia, cast

there by the vagaries of fate and war.

Times were difficult when he arrived there, and people hadn't the time or the energy to grapple with a strange foreign name. They started to call him Vanya, the diminutive of Ivan. After all, it turned out later that Ivan and Juan were really the same name.

Dark men are reputed to like blondes.

Juan was just about 14, and he liked the dark-haired Olga.

Perhaps because she was a little like a Spanish girl?

Winter came, and cruel frosts. It was so cold that birds froze in the air and fell dead to the ground. The snow was so dazzling in the sunshine that it hurt to look at it.

People did not go out of doors any more than they could help. They had to go out to feed the cattle, of course, and to get water, but they spent more and more time at home.

One day, Baby, a huge pedigree bull, broke loose in the farmyard. Either someone had forgotten to fasten the door properly, or he had somehow managed to get it open himself—but whatever it was, Baby was out and was in a high old temper.

As soon as he spotted a human being, he would lower his head, snort, and give an impersonation of a steam engine or even a tank.

No-one tried to get to grips with him—he was far too strong. And there were only women left in the village, and the old grandfathers. There were the children, of course . . . But all the men were away at the war.

The bull could have been shot, and the old nightwatchman even loaded his gun in readiness, but could not bring himself to shoot. Baby was the only bull for miles around. People came from a long way off to "borrow" him, and then returned him gratefully to his owners.

So the bull must not be killed. What could be done?

Then someone remembered Ivan. They even remembered his real name, Juan; they remembered that he was a Spaniard, and if that was the case, they reasoned, he would be able to deal with the bull with the greatest of ease. It was nothing to a Spaniard; just a little routine job.

Poor Juan had never even seen a bullfight. He knew nothing about them. But no-one believed him, and out he went.

It was highly important to have people believe in you . . . Through the frost-patterned window Olga looked out at him. Juan couldn't see her, but he knew very well that she'd cleared a little peephole with her warm breath and was looking out through it.

Juan was not aware of the cold—he was too busy looking for the bull. Baby was somewhere nearby, and Juan wandered about in the snow between the quiet cottages.

He had no weapons, not even a plan of action. And not far away a bull was loose.

Suddenly they caught sight of each other. At rather close quarters.

The bull gazed smoulderingly at

Juan for what must have been a whole minute before he began to lower his head.

Juan looked round desperately, but there was no-one in sight.

At that instant the bull gave a bellow and hurled himself forward.

The youngster had never seen a toreador, but the fans would have been delighted at the way he side-stepped.

Baby raised his head, and was amazed. He had been sure that the boy would be on the end of his horns. He turned round to have another go.

Now things were easier for Baby. Juan was in a narrow space between two fences. There was nowhere for him to hide, nowhere for him to run to, and the bull charged again.

His tremendous bulk filled the entire passageway, and his broad, sweating flanks brushed against both fences as he advanced inexorably upon Juan.

By some miracle Juan dodged the blow again, squatting down indignantly to save himself from being flattened against the fence. He had no idea that it was not the way for a real toreador to behave.

Juan felt something warm over his shoulder as the bull struck him lightly with a horn. But he was not frightened any longer. He was just hot . . .

He ripped off his padded jacket, which was wet with blood.

Now when the bull rushed at him again, the boy flourished the blood-stained jacket under Baby's nose, leading his enemy astray.

Juan did not know that he was doing just what an experienced

toreador would do. He did not know that his bloody jacket was having precisely the same effect as the toreador's scarlet cape.

All he knew was that he had to get the better of that bull, that there was no-one to do it for him, and that on the other side of that window Olga was waiting.

Now his first fear had passed and he had cheated the bull three times, Juan even went out of his way to taunt the animal. He realised vaguely that the angrier he made this panting juggernaut, the greater the advantage to himself, to man, to Juan, to Vanya.

The bull surged forward again. This time Juan neither squatted nor jumped aside. He waved the jacket under the very nose of the infuriated Baby, and guided the bull past him.

"It's his Spanish blood!" they whispered behind the windows.

Only Olga could not understand what everyone else had grasped—that she could calm down.

"Don't take on so," they said. "It'll all be all right. He's a Spaniard . . ."

* * *

That was 24 years ago.

Juan has been back in his native Spain for a long time now, but every time he goes to a bullfight and things get particularly tense in the ring, he recalls that Siberian bullfight of his in the snow . . . When he won such a victory.

He still remembers Olga, although he does not talk about her.

The mother of his three children is called Mercedes, and that Siberian bullfight was a long, long time ago.



HUNTING GUNS FOR 50 COUNTRIES

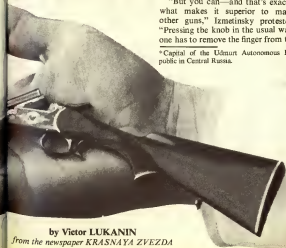
He was brief and businesslike, this Canadian who came to Moscow to buy hunting guns for his firm. Silently he took freshly varnished guns off the rack one by one and, after a short examination, put them aside.

The chief designer of the Izhevsk* Mechanical Works, Nikolai Izmetinsky, looked anxiously at him, wondering if he would find something he liked.

The foreign visitor cast a quick glance at a sporting gun designated IZH-25 and said, "This one's not up to standard, I'm afraid. You can't switch from one barrel to the other."

"But you can—and that's exactly what makes it superior to many other guns," Izmetinsky protested. "Pressing the knob in the usual way, one has to remove the finger from the

*Capital of the Udmurt Autonomous Republic in Central Russia.



by Victor LUKANIN
from the newspaper KRASNAYA ZVEZDA

Modern Soviet hunting guns.



trigger, which might spoil the aim. But in the IZH-25 the barrels can be fired one by one, in whichever order you like, or simultaneously, by using the same trigger. What you have to do is to push it forward or back a bit.

"The very fact that this double-barrel gun has one trigger instead of two makes aiming steadier and more accurate. It also has a ventilated forestock to prevent the air from heating and shimmering about the sights. And on top of all that, the rifle is very inexpensive."

The deal was closed and the Canadian signed a valuable contract

for a large consignment of IZH-25 guns.

I recalled that conversation again as I was walking through the Izhevsk Works among stacks of guns and chatting to its engineers. One of them was Anatoli Klimov, who back in 1954 designed the IZH-54 model—one that is still very popular with hunters and sportsmen.

Anatoli Klimov showed me a wonderful display of the world's best guns. Holland-Holland, the famous British double-barrel gun, looks beautiful and has very good performance. But it's very expensive, as it takes the gunsmith six months to

The IZH-54, an inexpensive model.





make. The Izhevsk Works manufactures cheaper guns, putting them within reach of every sportsman. The famous IZH-54, for example, costs only 90 roubles (about 100 dollars or £40 at the official rate of exchange).

At a recent testing of some Soviet and foreign double-barrel models, the IZH-54 showed the highest density of shot—56 and 66, as compared with the 54 and 60 of the German Simson.

Anatoli Klimov also made some improvements to the earlier IZH-12 model by installing a fully automatic cartridge case ejector. When we went down to the shooting gallery on the ground floor he suggested that I fire a "blank" and open the barrels. The

device worked perfectly—the cartridge case jumped out, pushed by the powerful spring inside the barrel.

The gun is complete with a very reliable safety mechanism which rules out accidental shooting.

This gun is an elegant affair, giving the impression of being somewhat smaller than the standard gun of its type. The designers are sure it will soon catch the eye of gun-collectors and sportsmen.

The Izhevsk gun-makers use the latest in technical facilities, so cutting production time and costs. But the traditional gun-making techniques have not been entirely forgotten. The personnel of the Izhevsk Works includes some old smiths for whom

*Contrast in size—
guns from
the Izhevsk works.*



*Tall rushes,
an expense of water—
they're bound to have
a good bag.*

gun-making is an art, and who have no use for lathes and modern precision instruments.

One of them is Yevgeni Gubin, who uses an ordinary vice and fitters' tools. The masterpieces he makes are popularly known as "Stradivarius guns". It was Gubin who invented the one-trigger arrangement for the double-barrel gun.

Another important innovation here is hot forging. Instead of boring, which is a very expensive and wasteful process, the barrel mould is heated with a high-frequency current and then stretched out to the required length. As a result, it takes half as much time to make a gun as before, and a little over one-fifth as much metal is used.

In the assembly shop I was shown a gun with a stock that I thought at first was made of walnut. To my surprise I learned that it was ordinary birch impregnated with aniline dye. Its effective range is about 90 yards, and its price a mere 20 roubles.

The Izhevsk Works also manufactures custom-made guns, with dimensions and shape to suit the convenience of the customer. These are often decorated with gold and brass chasing.

The Izhevsk gun-makers do a good job and can claim to be appreciated, for their guns have a market in 50 countries. One in every three guns made in Izhevsk goes for export.

Amazing Birds

Did you know that . . .

. . . Ostriches live to 45, wild geese to 80, parrots to 100, vultures to 115, and falcons to 160 years of age?

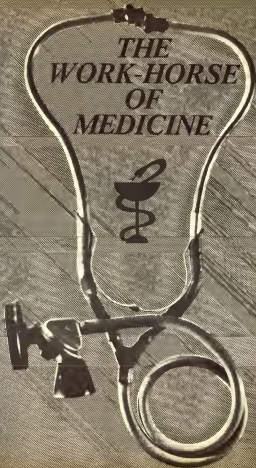
. . . There are about 100,000 million birds in the world? They are grouped into 9,000 species.

. . . Credit for the world's fastest metabolic rate goes to the tiny humming-bird? Only the size of a butterfly, it never stops eating because it feels hungry every three or four minutes.

. . . New Zealand's wingless bird, the kiwi, is one of the world's strangest? It never drinks water and it does not sing, even in spring. Its egg is a record-holder, weighing a quarter of the hen's body-weight. Another eccentricity is that the egg is hatched by the male bird. One kiwi couple produce a single egg in a year.

. . . Some birds take a short cut through the Mont Blanc tunnel when migrating?

THE
WORK-HORSE
OF
MEDICINE



by Ivan ZYUZYUKIN

condensed from the youth daily KOMSOMOLSKAYA PRAVDA

Dr. Alla Timofeyeva, head doctor of Polyclinic No. 32 serving the Zhdanov District of Leningrad, was the first person I heard use the term "work-horse" to describe the doctor at the district polyclinic. And she should know—she had done years of work as a neighbourhood doctor before being appointed to her present administrative post.

A neighbourhood doctor can be compared with the housing maintenance man: both keep the objects of their concern in good running order. Their jobs are not spectacular, but their work is a good deal more important for society as a whole than the recent sensational heart transplants, for instance.

The typical doctor

The neighbourhood doctor at the polyclinic is the one who usually nips illness in the bud, or at least sees that it is over as soon as possible. Nearly

two-thirds of Soviet doctors work in polyclinics or in "ambulatories", which are outpatients' clinics dealing with a particular illness or set of illnesses.

In setting out to find a "typical" doctor, I chose almost automatically the neat little four-storey box of a building at the corner of quiet Professor Popov Street and noisy Kirov Prospect.

Probably a hundred times before, seeking treatment for one ailment or another, I had gone through its glass door—full details of my medical history could be found in the card index there. Force of habit almost made me ask to see my neighbourhood doctor, but Dr. Timofeyeva said, "Choose any one of my gorgeous girls! You can't go wrong."

There was more to the flippant remark than may be apparent—she knew I wanted a typical picture—and there is nothing more typical than the fact that most Soviet-doctors—74 per cent of them—are women.

Of the 73 areas of medicine I

could choose from, I decided upon that of the therapist—the general physician—as covering the widest range. On top of the file of doctors lay the record of Dr. S. I. Parkhomenko, and that decided me.

Svetlana Parkhomenko, neighbourhood doctor, is a therapist, and distinctly a blonde. She is 30.

I am afraid I gave her a difficult day, carefully marking down the time every new patient opened the door of her consulting room, and accompanying her on home visits. Finally, at 5 p.m., it was time to collect first-former Andrei Parkhomenko from his after-school group, where he does his homework and plays under the supervision of a teacher.

In Room 320

That day Dr. Parkhomenko received 25 patients in Room 320. Proverbially, Monday is a hard day for everyone, and for doctors, as I came to understand, it certainly is. Almost all of Dr. Parkhomenko's patients that day complained of a chill or heart trouble.

"It's all because of the humid weather and the sharp variations in atmospheric pressure," she explained to me. "When I hear this kind of weather forecast in the evening, I know that the next few days will bring a crop of flu cases and heart 'chronics'."

These two types behave differently. The flu cases can't conceal their annoyance at having this

trouble, and explain their symptoms vehemently, usually with statements like "This cough is killing me!" or "My head is splitting!"

Then Svetlana will ask, "Have you taken anything for it?" knowing that the patient has had some home doctoring.

"Yes, I have," the patient will answer, almost defiantly. "But what's the use?"

As she fills in the case history, the doctor asks dispassionately if the patient has ever had tuberculosis or pneumonia. The patient's whole aspect seems to demand instant action, but the doctor just keeps on writing.

The "chronics" enter the room like old friends of the doctor, and they nearly all begin in the same way: "Last time, Svetlana Ivanovna, I told you . . ." They are quiet, reserved and crack rather sad jokes.

Svetlana treats both categories with the same politeness and reserve, asking brief questions and then giving her advice. Some patients, especially the older ones, tell her their medical histories almost from childhood, as if afraid that some detail might escape the doctor's attention. Svetlana never interrupts them. She just listens patiently, then says, "Strip to the waist."

Now, with her stethoscope against the patient's chest, her face seems to change—it is really the face of a doctor intent on her work.

Whether the summer is warm or cool, whether the winter is dry or slushy, the polyclinic every year records about 300,000 consultations and 50,000 home visits by doctors.

Each general physician last year had on an average 5.2 patients an hour in the polyclinic, and 2.1 an hour on home visits. (All the patients live within a very small area.)

Seneca wrote, "We owe the doctor more than the payment we give him, for he expends on us not only his work but his heart."

What, in fact, are the charges that should be made for the work of bringing people back to full health?

Soviet doctors are Government employees with a guaranteed salary depending on their qualifications, specialisation and seniority. Free medical aid, within everyone's reach, is one of the principal social achievements of the socialist system.

This, however, also has its problems. As well as the usual free polyclinics, the Soviet Union also has some which make a charge of one to two-and-a-half roubles a visit, depending on the qualifications and academic standing of the practitioner.

But influenza sufferers, for example, do not go off to the fee-charging polyclinic. It is not so much a question of payment. Above all, it is because the patient is in the habit of attending *his own* polyclinic and *his own* doctor.

Not only that, but while the fee-charging polyclinic can give treatment, it has no right to issue medical certificates. An ordinary polyclinic issues medical certificates to those who really need them, but of course there are always malingerers, so the polyclinic doctor has to be careful.

In her early post-graduate years

Svetlana felt completely baffled by some of her patients. From time to time she would find a patient with healthy-looking eyes and rosy cheeks producing a critical temperature. After one or two lessons from malingerers, the budding doctor began to check the readings of her own trusty thermometer with her own palm.

Naturally, such patients are rare and the great majority of people at the reception desk are normal people who simply want to keep as healthy as possible and stay alive longer. That they have a fair chance of succeeding is indicated by the poster hanging on the polyclinic wall, stating, "In the past half-century the span of human life in this country has more than doubled to reach 70 years."

And why not 100 years? That challenge seems to be written all over the faces of the still robust men and women who come to the polyclinic.

Stages of life

When Svetlana's last patient left I said to her, "You must be feeling tired?" She replied, "Yes, a little. But now I have my visits to do, so I'll have a rest."

She said this without the least irony. On the way to her first patient she explained to me that she preferred these visits to the polyclinic consultations. "Somehow I feel more like a doctor when I see my patient lying in bed with medicines I have prescribed by his bedside," she said.

Svetlana went straight to a polyclinic after graduating, but has never lost the hospital doctor's habit of sitting on the edge of the patient's bed.

"How are you feeling?" she asks.

"Better."

The doctor nods encouragement, if not actually gratitude.

"But I still feel shooting pains in my left side," the patient hastily adds, as if fearing that the improvement has been exaggerated.

"Last time you felt pains like that in your right side," she points out.

The doctor's remark brings a naive smile to the patient's face—just imagine, it was three whole days ago that the doctor visited him, but she remembers everything!

"Svetlana Ivanovna, may I go out walking?" he asks.

"Yes, but only for half an hour at a time."

"Oh, you needn't worry, I won't be a minute longer."

The patient is trying hard to please the doctor, but in a flat one floor down the dialogue takes an entirely different line. After listening to the patient, an elderly woman, Svetlana says, "You'll have to go to hospital."

"Oh no," the patient retorts sharply. "I know why people like me are sent to hospital."

Svetlana says, "But you're entirely alone here, with no one to look after you."

"Don't try to persuade me," the patient says adamantly, eyes fixed on the ceiling.

Her relatives had not called on her for a long time. No one is interested

in her health except the doctor, who has taken a professional oath to respond to another human being's distress. "All right," Svetlana says, thoughtfully fingering the medicine bottles on the bedside table. "I'll come to see you more often."

On our way to see another of her patients Svetlana was buttonholed by a woman.

"I've got all the signs of an ulcer, if not worse," she said. Svetlana suggested she should come round for an examination, and when we were on our own again, said to me, "Some patients like her have to be sent to the psychiatrist."

The scene is constantly changing for the doctor, as she goes from a shared, crowded flat to a one-family flat. She sees dark staircase wells in old buildings and the sunlit landings of new blocks of flats.

Just as she has been observing all the signs of senile decay in a patient, a little boy will come running in from the street, white with snow from head to foot and with cheeks as rosy as apples—proof of the eternal renewal of mankind.

The doctor's visual memory remarks the appearance of new furniture in the home of a young family, just as her sense of smell catches the elusive perfume of lotions in the rooms of an old actress.

Such daily acquaintance with the "physiology" of everyday life makes the doctor a natural sociologist, statistician and demographer.

"Tomorrow I shall have a good day," she says thoughtfully. "I'll be doing my calls in the morning."

ИСПОЛКОМ
БАУМАНСКОГО РАЙОННОГО СОВЕТА
ДЕПУТАТОВ ТРУДЯЩИХСЯ

WHAT IS A POLYCLINIC?

ПОЛИКЛИНИКА

It is a principle of Soviet life that medical attention should be readily available to all. It is, in fact, in two senses.

First of all the services of doctors at the wide variety of medical institutions are within everybody's reach from the financial point of view, for they are free—only the medicine itself is paid for, and the charge is a token one.

Second, these services are within general reach in the geographical sense, for the pivotal point of the medical service, the key to all the other institutions, is the polyclinic, and there is at least one polyclinic in every district of a town, every urban district and every rural district centre.

What does a Soviet citizen do when he feels he has a dose of flu coming on, is troubled with a nasty bout of lumbago, or perhaps fears he

may have some dread disease? Like his counterpart in a number of other countries, he consults his local doctor.

A big difference is that in the Soviet Union his local doctor, who is known as a therapist and specialises in the medical field, works from the local polyclinic instead of from a private surgery. So, depending on his condition, the patient usually rings the polyclinic and either asks that his doctor come round to visit him or makes an appointment to go and see the doctor himself. He can, of course, simply go to the polyclinic and take his turn in the queue if he prefers.

The polyclinic is a kind of out-patients' health centre at which a number of local physicians work, sharing the services of specialists in up to seven classes of illness and also such facilities as X-ray equipment, laboratory services, physiotherapy

and other treatment departments.

The number of local doctors depends on the size of the population served by the polyclinic. The area is divided into neighbourhoods, each having a maximum population of 4,000 and being served by at least seven neighbourhood physicians, who receive patients and visit them in their homes.

Among the specialists on hand at a polyclinic there are always a surgeon, a nerve specialist, an ear, nose and throat specialist, a gynaecologist, a dental surgeon who also deals with all kinds of ailments of the mouth, and a dermatologist.

Doctors at these State-run polyclinics may refer patients to one of the specialised clinics which exist all over the country, and can arrange for them to be taken into a hospital.

Apart from their healing work, the polyclinics carry out preventive

work, too, checking regularly on the health of the people in their district. Where necessary they issue medical certificates entitling patients to paid sick-leave (full wages for those with more than eight years' working record, and a sliding scale for people with fewer years of service).

They also issue recommendations for sanatorium treatment—a sanatorium is a holiday home at which people can also have minor medical and toning-up treatment.

Many people nominally on the list of a local polyclinic do not in fact use it, as they may be attached to a clinic operating at their factory or office.

People living in rural districts also have the services of clinics staffed by midwives and *feldshers*—the latter have medical qualifications somewhere between those of a doctor and a district nurse.

Drawing by Boris Arlov



"Try to remember—
have you eaten
anything that
disagreed with you?"

'HE'S A GOOD HIPPO'

by **Vladimir SAZANOV**
Radio Moscow African Service Correspondent
condensed from the weekly NEDEL'YA

I was sweltering in the torrid heat of an African town, north of the Equator and far from Moscow's snows, when my stroll brought me to an iron fence with the sign, "Zoo". Inside was a tree-shaded bench. It wouldn't be so hot in there and I needed a rest.

I never got around to having a rest on that bench.

"Just a minute," said a voice in

English from behind me. A boy of about 14, in a blue jacket with badge marked "Guide", asked, "Where are you from?"

"From Moscow."

"Oh! Then let's speak Russian."

I soon found that my young friend knew only animals' names in Russian. As our conversation naturally veered towards zoology, I asked my new friend to show me round the

zoo. No-one, he said, would be able to do that as well as he could.

We stopped in front of a big cage. "A tiger!" exclaimed my guide. A tiger it was. "A snake!" It was a cobra, so I agreed with him.

The tour promised no great discoveries, and I was about to thank my guide and depart when he said suddenly, "Shhhh! See that lion? You can feed him."

"Through the bars of the cage?"

"No, you can go right into the cage."

I was quick to decline, but from my guide's expression I understood that I had really offended him.

"Perhaps there's a horse around?"

"No, but we've got a hippopotamus," declared my guide, hopefully looking into my eyes.

"A hippo?"

"Sure. But don't be afraid; he's a good hippo."

My companion grabbed an iron rod beside a pool and began beating lustily on a sheet of rusty iron. The water surged up and out came a monstrosity of about two tons.

"There are some leaves and branches—throw them into his mouth," said my guide.

Hippo opened his mouth so wide that it seemed I could almost fit into it, standing between his upper and lower dentures. With trembling hand I threw a small bundle of twigs into the yawning cavern. Hippo clamped his jaws and smacked his lips with satisfaction.

The second helping was bigger. Hippo ate with relish again. Becoming bolder, I fed him one bunch after

another. Both Hippo and I enjoyed it. I didn't even notice that my guide had disappeared.

I shoved the last great bunch of branches into Hippo's mouth. He suddenly grunted, blinked his eyes and began coughing. Something had stuck in his throat. I looked helplessly and with guilty conscience at the suffering beast.

Hippo kept coughing. He couldn't shut his mouth. I had to act.

I boldly shoved my arm into his mouth to remove the branches that were caught. At this moment his jaws clamped shut. My arm was held fast between his teeth.

I know I let out some kind of cry and tried to pull my arm out, but in vain. Hippo had other ideas.

I began to talk to him, reminding him that he was herbivorous and that I was a species of fauna rather than flora. Hippo listened attentively, but didn't let go of my arm. Some mischievous gleam seemed to light his bloodshot eyes. And then the beast began backing into the pool.

"Mama!" I exclaimed, in a voice scarcely human. In place of my mother, the guide turned up. One glance at my agonised face and he shot to Hippo's rear, winding his tail like a propeller. All of a sudden Hippo's jaws loosened and out came my arm. He blinked mournfully and head bowed, waddled into the water. I could not utter a word.

"What are you afraid of?" my guide asked. "All you have to do is wind his tail, and he opens his mouth. No need to be afraid of him. He's a good Hippo."



Marius Petipa, one of the most brilliant ballet masters the world has known. Far left

Alexander Gorsky, who quarrelled with Petipa and left St. Petersburg for Moscow. Centre

Michel Fokine, who fiercely attacked the old conceptions of ballet and revolutionised choreography. Left

Leonid Lavrovsky, founder of the new Moscow school of ballet in the Thirties. Below far left

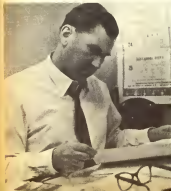
Fyodor Lopukhov, Soviet ballet master and author of Sixty Years in Ballet. Below centre

Yuri Grigorovich, the Bolshoi Theatre's chief ballet master, at a rehearsal. Below left

Kasyan Goleizovsky, a rebel who rejects traditional forms of ballet.

Traditions
and Innovations

RUSSIAN BALLET



Compiled from the books, *Sixty Years in Ballet*, by Fyodor Lopukhov, ballet master; *New Trends in Soviet Ballet*, by Boris Lvov-Anokhin, ballet critic; and *The Road of Ballet Master Lopukhov*, by Yuri Slonimsky, ballet critic.

So far there have been two international competitions in Moscow, the International Film Festival and the Tchaikovsky Competition. Now a third is to be added to the list—the First International Ballet Concourse of Ballet Artists will be held in the Soviet capital from June 11 to 25 this year.

Not only will young dancers from all over the world compete; prizes and diplomas will be awarded for the best of the latest work done by ballet masters, for the most interesting choreographic developments in contemporary ballet.

This article concentrates on the Russian classical ballet: we plan to publish more articles from time to time on ballet in the Soviet Union.

Dance is as much part of the Russian's life as song is part of the Italian's.

When Italian and French ballet masters brought the dance *sur les pointes* to Russia, they found fertile soil. In time a brilliant compound resulted from the combination of the elegant, somewhat mannered classical dance of the French and the pure virtuoso technique of the Italians.

That was in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when something quite new, the Russian ballet, profoundly musical and profoundly emotional, emerged as a distinct entity.

Many of the eminent European ballet masters and ballerinas who came to Russia at that time stayed for considerable periods, and in their turn they absorbed and were influenced by the purely Russian ingredients of ballet. Russian choreographers began to appear, and they collaborated with foreign masters to create the first Russian ballets, many of which have become classics—Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake", "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Nutsacker", and Glazunov's "Raymonda".

The new Russian choreographers laid the foundations for the Russian school of choreography and opened ballet schools in St. Petersburg and Moscow, which at the turn of the century produced such scintillating dancers as Anna Pavlova and Yekaterina Geltzer, Mikhail Mordkin

and Vaslav Nijinsky. Russian choreography was winning world acclaim.

At that period Marius Petipa, who had come from France years before, and Lev Ivanov were both leading ballet masters at the Mariinsky Opera House in St. Petersburg. They not only cherished the traditions handed down from earlier masters: they untiringly sought new ways and means of expression.

Towards the end of his life Petipa revised the old masterpieces, ridding them of clichés and creating genuinely effective ballets without chunks of unrelated mime and pointless divertissements.

Lev Ivanov, who worked with Petipa, was responsible for the second act of "Swan Lake", which has still to be surpassed by any choreographer.

At the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow the chief choreographer was Alexander Gorsky. In a certain sense the Moscow company gave more marked expression to the purely Russian features than the St. Petersburg dancers. The reason was that in Moscow there was not the same alienation of theatre from public as in St. Petersburg, the royal seat, with its court and its aristocratic balletomanes.

It was at the Bolshoi that Yekaterina Geltzer's talent flowered. Her dancing was passionate, fiery and heroic, unlike that of Pavlova, the ideal lyrical ballerina, whose body "sang" as she danced.

With the development of ballet

there had been a change in the type of hallerina. The naïve, sprightly Dianas and Floras of the early nineteenth century were like the staturary of the Empire period; they gave way to the mysterious, insubstantial sylphs of the romantic ballet, while at the end of the nineteenth century piquancy and the wasp waist were in demand.

Geltzer was none of these types, but was the embodiment of a special kind of feminine art—triumphant, noble and stirring.

In Moscow at that time, particularly in Gorsky's productions, greater prominence began to be given to male dancing. The Bolshoi had more male dancers than female, and there was greater diversity of dancing personality among the men. There was nothing effeminate about their dancing, which was highly expressive.

* * *

Even then, however, when the Russian hallet had already soared to the heights, there were, in addition to the superb productions, a vast number of rather feeble attempts at ballet with primitive plots and mediocre musical scores.

Lev Ivanov died and Marius Petipa left the stage, and at the beginning of this century the work of the Imperial Ballet Company deteriorated considerably, eaten away by the canker of uninspired repetition of old and once-successful formulas.

Then Fokine stepped in. He was a dancer himself, and was then at the beginning of his career as a hallet

master. He was in fact an all-rounder, being also a graduate of a drama school and a painter and musician. He had the support of such brilliant soloists as Anna Pavlova, Tamara Karsavina and Vaslav Nijinsky, and conducted the struggle against stagnation first at the Mariinsky and then on his own.

Fokine fiercely attacked the old conceptions. He devised new forms of ballet, flinging out everything that had been done to death by the rigid rules of classical hallet, and ruthlessly rejecting even the most universally acknowledged movements and *pas* if they were not in keeping with the psychology of the character.

Most of his productions were separate dances or short ballets. He chose excellent music which had not been composed for the hallet—by Weber, Chopin, Schumann, Saint-Saens and Rimsky-Korsakov.

He began to prepare new ballets in co-operation with eminent composers of the day—Maurice Ravel, Richard Strauss, Igor Stravinsky, etc. He also worked in close contact with stage designers: his co-operation with Alexandre Benois resulted in the splendid Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor".

Although Fokine was fundamentally an innovator, his innovations did not include throwing out the romantic hallet, which he thoroughly appreciated. He even composed one in the romantic tradition, but in keeping with the new spirit. It was "Chopiniana", known in the West as "Les Sylphides".

After the Revolution in October

1917, there was a vast increase in the number of people who wanted and were able to watch hallet.

Stormy debates began to rage. What should Soviet ballet be like? How could it get its message across to the public? What should be the attitude to the opposing principles of tradition and innovation?

Some people sincerely believed that as there had been a revolution in the State and society, there had to be one in the arts, too. They demanded that the old repertoire be cast out like so much rubbish; to them "Giselle" and "The Sleeping Beauty" were antediluvian.

Others, equally sincere, considered that no changes at all were necessary. All that was needed was to cherish the old productions and stage new ones in their image.

Yet others, while acknowledging the artistic worth of the classical heritage, called for new, fundamentally different ballets that would nevertheless represent a development of the old ones. They realised that one cannot draw a direct analogy between revolution and the regeneration of dancing as an art, and that tradition and innovation are two sides of the same coin; that the finest of the classical traditions form the basis for new discoveries in ballet.

Their line was the one followed by Soviet ballet.

* * *

Between 1918 and 1926 two things were of the utmost importance for the future, making possible the staging of many outstanding Soviet

ballets. One was the tremendous work done to restore classical ballets to their original form and prune them of later graftings that spoiled their purity of style. The other was the superb training carried on at the hallet schools, which produced a whole cluster of stars, including Maria Semyonova, who brilliantly combined some of the gifts of Pavlova and Geltzer, and Georgi Balanchivadze, now George Balanchine, the famous ballet master working in America.

At the end of the Twenties and beginning of the Thirties, several ballets of many acts were made from masterpieces of Russian and world literature.

Prominent among these was "The Ice Maiden", based on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" and Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Set to music by Grieg, it was staged by Fyodor Lopukhov.

Among the works that have become Soviet classics are "Laurencia" (based on Lope de Vega's "Fuente Ovejuna"), for which the music was written by Alexander Klein and the choreography provided by Vakhtang Chabukiani; Rostislav Zakharov's "Fountain of Bakhchisarai" (from the romantic poem by the great nineteenth-century poet Alexander Pushkin), to music by Boris Asafyev; and finally "Romeo and Juliet", staged by Leonid Lavrovsky to Prokofiev's superb music.

This was the height of the achievement of Soviet ballet in its first 30 years, and it combined all the best

continued on Page 60



The 1877 production of "Swan Lake" at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow; from a wood engraving

discoveries made by Petipa, Ivanov, Fokine and the Soviet choreographers. There was a splendid unity of Sergei Prokofiev's magnificent music, Pyotr Williams' sets, strikingly in the style and spirit of the Renaissance, and the splendid dances.

It was "Romeo and Juliet" that brought fame to Galina Ulanova, the finest lyrical ballerina of the Thirties, Forties and Fifties, as Juliet, and to that virtuoso dramatic dancer, Alexei Yermolayev, as Tybalt.

The fact that so many ballets were being made from literary works brought about a situation in which there was more concentration on striking sets and mime sequences than on choreography. The dance itself was emasculated, as could be seen in a number of ballets of the Forties.

Efforts had to be made, above all, to reinstate the dance proper, while preserving the profoundness of content and the psychological treatment of character attained in ballets of the Twenties, Thirties and Forties. In this a certain role was played by a study of ballet productions abroad.

In the West, modern classical ballet developed under the direct influence of Russian choreography, and sometimes with the direct participation of choreographers and dancers trained in the Russian school. Over this period some ballet companies in Western Europe and America did interesting work in developing symphonic ballet, introducing elements of pure callisthenics and acrobatics, and riding ballet of non-ballet mime.

True, these experiments sometimes

assumed a formal, somewhat abstract character, and then Western ballet lost the emotional and psychological impact for which the Russian ballet was renowned.

The broadening of contacts between Soviet companies and those of Western countries in the Fifties gave a new impetus to choreographic experimentation. This had its effect both on the choreographers of Europe and America and on the Soviet ballet masters, whose productions of the Fifties and Sixties have aroused great interest and lively discussion. Many of these are complete innovations as far as Russian ballet is concerned.

With the support of the theatrical art directors and veteran Russian choreographers, Yuri Grigorovich (at first in Leningrad and later in Moscow), Igor Belsky (in Leningrad), Natalya Kasatkina and Vladimir Vasilyov* (in Moscow), Oleg Vinogradov (in Novosibirsk and Moscow), Yevgeni Changa (in Yerevan) and Marat Gaziyeu (in Perm) created ballets of striking naturalness and plasticity. Rejecting all subordination to a text, they achieved free expression of emotions, thoughts and ideas in the dance.

Several ballet masters of the older generation, in particular Leonid Lavrovsky at the Bolshoi and Vladimir Burmeister at the Moscow Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Theatre, have done some of

*Featured in the article "Rhythm of Happiness" in Sputnik for May 1968

their best work during these years.

In this period the gifts of Vladimir Vasilyev (confusingly for Western readers, not the same as Vladimir Vasilyov, mentioned earlier) and Yuri Solovyov, winners of the Nijinsky Prize awarded to the world's best dancers by the Paris Academy of the Dance, have been discovered and developed in the productions of the veteran and young choreographers.

The same goes for other dancers of the younger generation, such as Nina Timofeyeva, Natalia Bessmertnova, Irina Kolpakova, Natalia Makarova, Maris Liepa, Mikhail Lavrovsky and Yuri Asulyak, now the flower of Russian ballet. The talents of two brilliant ballerinas of the "post-Ulanova" generation—Maya Pliset-skaya of Moscow and Alla Shelest of Leningrad—shone out in all their glory in the productions of Yakobson and Grigorovich.

Ballets which can be considered innovative have been created in recent years in a variety of genres, with a variety of themes and styles.

In all the productions staged by Belsky, and in many of the ballets of Kasatkina, Vasilyov, Yakobson and Vinogradov, a rightful place has been given to contemporary themes. The younger ballet masters have demonstrated unquestionably that these are not alien to ballet.

Modern themes are Igor Belsky's *forte*. After his "Shore of Hope", a romantic poem about a fisherman who regains the homeland from which he was wrested by the war, Belsky created his "Leningrad Symphony" to the work composed by

Dmitri Shostakovich in 1942, in Leningrad—a city which, though beleaguered, bombed and starved, never capitulated.

There is a naturalness about Igor Belsky's ballets, which combine the familiar movements of real life with the beauty of strict classicism. He succeeds in avoiding both a stilted representation of our life—an unfortunate ballet convention—and that photographic naturalism so alien to ballet.

* * *

The experiments of some Soviet ballet masters were in the field of symphonic ballet, stemming from a firm belief in the ability of modern classical dancing to convey the poetry and content of symphonic music without literary assistance, without the aid of a libretto.

Hence a rejection of the traditional costumes of the classical ballet, the tunic, the tutu and the collet.

These tendencies were particularly clear in the work of such small ballet companies as that of Kasyan Goleizovsky, a Moscow ballet master of great experience. He has created interesting ballets without plots to instrumental music and symphonic miniatures by Chopin, Liszt, Scriabin and Prokofiev. His dancers give frequent concerts at the Tchaikovsky Hall in Moscow, and are consistently popular.

Oleg Vinogradov's modern ballets are also interesting. He began by staging, at the Novosibirsk Opera



Scene from *Oleg Vinogradov's*
"Asel", a modern ballet to music
by V. Vlasov.



and Ballet Theatre, completely original versions of such old-established favourites as "Romeo and Juliet", to Prokofiev's music.

Then a few years ago he staged the ballet "Asel", to Vladimir Vlasov's music, at the Bolshoi in Moscow. This is based on the poetic story "My Little Poplar in a Red Kerchief", about a contemporary young woman of the Soviet Central Asian Republic of Kirghizia; it is written with delicate psychological insight by the popular Kirghiz novelist, Chingiz Aitmatov.

It can be said that the effects of the latest experimenting were most clearly manifested in "Legend of Love", set to music by Aref Felikov of Azerbaijan, in the Caucasus, and with choreography by Yuri Grigorovich* at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow.

This ballet is based on an Oriental legend about Queen Mekhmené-Banu, who sacrifices her beauty to save her younger sister Shirin. It also tells of the brave young Ferhad, who, beloved by the Queen, himself loves Shirin, but has to give up his love in the name of duty.

Neither Grigorovich nor Simon Virsaladze, the stage designer, has been dazzled by the temptation to reproduce the colourful world of the Orient. Their concern has been rather to present meditations on the meaning of love and heroism, duty and power.

* For article on Grigorovich's work on Khaçhaturyan's ballet "Spartacus" see Sputoik, September 1968.

Grigorovich's work is always filled with vivid imagery. In this long and complex ballet he has firmly rejected mime as a means of explaining the action, and has relied on dance and dance alone. Like Goleizovsky, he has boldly introduced elements of acrobatics to enrich classical ballet.

Research works and dissertations have been written by the experts on Simon Virsaladze's costume designs for ballets (including every one of those created by Yuri Grigorovich in Leningrad, Baku and Moscow). With him, the modern element in stage costume is by no means just a tribute to fashion. His costumes create remarkable colour effects which help to put over the choreographer's message.

★ ★ ★

Highly original experiments have been carried out by the Leningrad ballet master Leonid Yakobson, whose productions arouse particular discussion.

In contrast to some other Soviet ballet masters or George Balanchine in the USA, Yakobson does not believe that many themes awaiting ballet expression can be interpreted by purely classical means. He maintains that the choreographer must seek and develop new, unorthodox movements on the basis of the system of movement elaborated by the classical school.

In this, the ballet master follows the traditions of the old ballet theatre. In his time Marius Petipa followed the principles now advocated by Yakobson. The Fairy Carabos in

"The Sleeping Beauty", the Evil Genius in "Swan Lake" and Coppélius in Delibes' "Coppelia" are depicted not by classical methods, but by other types of movement. But in the old ballets this principle is used only for secondary roles, negative or comic characters.

Reliance on different types of movement has been more extensive in the Fokine ballets and some of the classical Soviet productions. It was by such means that Sergei Koren, an outstanding classical dancer of the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties, created his Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet", and so revealed new facets of his talent.

What for most of the ballet masters was a method of treating individual characters was the main creative principle for Yakobson. Only in "Solweig" (music by Boris Asafyev) and to some extent in "Shurale" (music by the Tartar composer Yurullin), does he make broad use of toe dancing, and pay some tribute to classical traditions.

Yakobson's principle enables him to create ballets in the most diverse styles—from the sculptured Greek "Spartacus" to the vivid poster type of production, "The Bed Bug", based on the satirical play of that name by the Soviet poet Mayakovsky.

★ ★ ★

Cited here are only a few of the representatives of the post-war generation of Soviet ballet masters. But in Moscow, Leningrad and many other cities there are opera houses featuring the work of other ballet masters

who differ among themselves as much as Belsky, Grigorovich and Yakobson. In their searches for new methods they depend on the new generation of ballet artists, graduates of the choreographic schools of the Soviet Union.

Some three decades back, ballerinas and male dancers were trained only in Moscow and Leningrad. Now there are fine ballet schools in many cities which were considered "ballet backwoods".

Several years ago a fine ballet school, with all the latest equipment, was built in Perm, in east European Russia. As a result, a number of graduates of this school who joined the company of the Perm Opera Theatre, directed by ballet master Marat Gaziyev, have lately won high awards at international ballet competitions at Paris and Varna (Bulgaria).

Interesting experiments are being carried out in the ballet studio of the Opera Theatre in Ulan-Ude, capital of the Buryat Autonomous Republic in East Siberia. It is directed by that fine classical ballerina, People's Artist of the USSR Larissa Sakhyanova, a Buryat herself, and one of the most talented graduates of the Leningrad Ballet School of the Forties.

The number of innovative ballets in the Soviet Union is increasing year by year. Our ballet masters are continuing to create "visual music", basing themselves on the traditions of the old Russian and Soviet Ballet, carrying these traditions further, and carefully following the work of their colleagues at home and abroad.

MOSCOW'S TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

from the magazine

*GORODSKOYE KHOZIAISTVO MOSKVY
(Moscow Municipal Affairs)*

Moscow, with a population of more than six million, does not yet face such a severe traffic crisis as New York, Paris or London. But with more and more cars and lorries appearing in the city streets every year, an acute traffic problem could develop in the not-too-distant future.

Traffic experts are working hard to avoid, or at least to mitigate and postpone, such a situation. In addition to the conventional methods—widening of streets, one-way traffic, construction of underpasses and clover-leaf crossings—more far-reaching proposals are being advanced.

Banning of street parking in the city centre, and the building of many-tiered underground garages beneath offices, cinemas and theatres, are being considered.

Another scheme which is technically feasible is the construction of underground thoroughways at a depth of 120-150 feet. Cars would enter from ring roads and could travel at 65 miles an hour.

In the harsh winter months there would be no snow and ice problem. Exhaust gases could be piped to thermal power stations, thus ensuring good ventilation for the tunnels and providing additional fuel for heating water and producing electricity.

Some of these projects have advanced beyond the realm of theory and entered the blueprint stage. Others are receiving serious preliminary study.

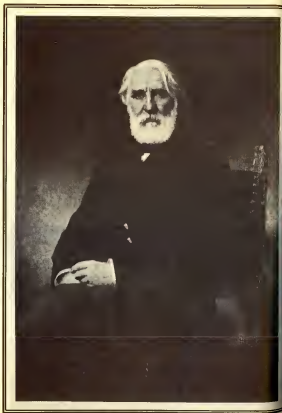
In any case, action is imperative if Moscow is to avoid the traffic shambles already being experienced by New York and other major cities.



Plan for defence in depth against traffic trouble

One of Moscow's many underpasses, at the junction of Tchaikovsky Street and Kalinin Prospect





IVAN TURGENEV



Life and love and nature . . .
and above all, truth—
these were the keys

IVAN TURGENEV THE GREAT RUSSIAN WRITER

Ivan Turgenev lived and worked in a remarkable period of world and Russian history (1818-83), the period that saw, among other things, the 1848 Revolution and the Paris Commune of 1871.

He was seven when the Decembrists' (revolutionary noblemen) uprising took place in Russia in 1825. There were upheavals in the social and spiritual life of mankind generally, tremendous developments in Russia, complex problems for a writer to handle.

Turgenev's childhood was spent on the wealthy family estate. As a young man he often quarrelled with his mother, defending the serfs against her imperious actions. He condemned the barbarous practice of selling and huying people, and was overwhelmed with sympathy for the victims of landlord despotism.

The life of the people as Turgenev

saw it in those years was depicted in *A Hunter's Sketches* (1847), which made him famous.

Turgenev's works are a living chronicle of the Russian emancipation movement of the last century. In his early novels he revealed the strong and weak points of the intellectuals among the gentry in the late 1830s and 1840s, people who played an important role in Russian life.

In his best novel, *Fathers and Sons*, Turgenev succeeded in showing the struggle of reformist and revolutionary trends in Russia's historical development.

Fathers and Sons presented a much broader picture of reality than his other novels.

The controversy between "fathers" and "sons" reflected the clash between two cultures, with one giving way to the other—the old style, that of the gentry, to the new democratic culture. Turgenev himself said that his hook was directed against the gentry; it showed the futility of their life and the superficial nature of their democratic enthusiasms.

"My grandfather ploughed the land," said Bazarov, the hero, proud of his plebeian ancestry. Bazarov was not a liberal reformer satisfied with petty improvements in life. He demanded the destruction and replacement of the very foundations of contemporary society.

Like other great realist writers, in most of his works Turgenev recreated the central struggle of his time, the dramatic clash of the individual with unfavourable social conditions of development. This conflict, and the sad

ending of many of Turgenev's works, reflected the tragic fate of the finest people in the Russia of his day. Hence the sad lyricism that was typical of him.

Turgenev created splendid portraits of Russian women, following their spiritual development, revealing their firm character and loving hearts.

For Turgenev love was a powerful creative force, and he was a great poet of love. His works are distinguished by moral purity and deep, sincere feeling.

Turgenev also wrote poetically of nature, and was a master at landscape description. Nature played an important part in his works. This followed both from Turgenev's love of nature and his natural philosophy.

"Man cannot be indifferent to nature, he is linked to her by a thousand bonds, he is her son," the author wrote.

His word-paintings of landscapes fascinated his contemporaries. "Nature is a sphere in which he is such a master that one does not dare to touch the subject after him. Two or three strokes, and you can smell the fragrance," Leo Tolstoy wrote in admiration.

Turgenev was especially exacting with regard to style and the use of language.

He had an immense interest in all aspects of life. "Life, reality, its caprices, its accidents, its accustomed habits, its passing beauty . . . I love it all," he wrote.

He was an energetic man, fond of travelling, seeing things, observing.

He would set out for Paris, go on to London, then back to Paris, Vienna, Berlin and finally to Russia. And everywhere he met and talked with lots of people.

While in Paris in the 1870s, Turgenev was close to the French realist writers Flaubert, Daudet, Zola and Goncourt. Turgenev and Flaubert commanded the greatest authority in the "circle of the five". Later, the circle took in the young Maupassant, who styled himself Turgenev's disciple.

Turgenev was probably the first Russian writer to gain world renown. His work had a major influence on the development of literary realism in Western Europe. Prosper Mérimée once said that West European literary circles looked on Turgenev as "one of the leaders of the realistic school", one in whose talent the outstanding feature was love of truth.

Over Turgenev's grave the French writer J. E. Renan said, "Glory and honour to the great Slav race, whose appearance on the proscenium of history is the most striking phenomenon of our century, glory and honour to it for finding at so early a stage such an incomparable artist as its spokesman! Never have the mysteries of popular conscience . . . been revealed with such convincing insight. While Turgenev felt and created as an independent personality, at the same time he was with the people, he was chosen by the people."

On the following pages we present one of the stories from Turgenev's *A Hunter's Sketches*.

THE TRYST

by IVAN TURGENEV

I was sitting in a birch copse in autumn, about the middle of September. From early morning it had been drizzling, with intervals from time to time of warm sunshine; the weather was unsettled. The sky was at one time overcast with soft white clouds, at another it suddenly cleared in parts for an instant, and then behind the parting clouds could be seen a blue, bright and tender as a beautiful eye.

I sat looking about and listening. The leaves faintly rustled over my head; from the sound of them alone

one could tell what time of year it was. It was not the gay laughing tremor of the spring, nor the subdued whispering, the prolonged gossip of the summer, nor the chill and timid faltering of late autumn, but a scarcely audible, drowsy chatter.

A slight breeze was faintly humming in the treetops. Wet with the rain, the copse in its inmost recesses was for ever changing as the sun shone or hid behind a cloud; at one moment it was all radiance, as though suddenly everything was smiling in it; the slender stems of the thinly-growing birch trees all at once took on the soft lustre of white silk, the tiny leaves lying on the earth were of a sudden flecked and flaring with purplish gold, and the graceful stalks of the high, curly bracken, decked already in their autumn colour, the hue of an over-ripe grape, seemed interlacing in endless, tangling criss-cross before one's eyes; then suddenly again everything around was faintly bluish; the glaring tints died instantaneously; the birch trees stood all white and lustreless, white as fresh-fallen snow before the cold rays of the winter sun have caressed it; and slyly, stealthily, the finest rain began falling and whispering through the wood.

The leaves on the hitches were still almost all green, though perceptibly paler; only here and there stood one young leaf, all red or golden, and it was a sight to see it flame in the sunshine when the sunbeams suddenly sent tangled flecks of light through the thick network of delicate twigs, freshly washed by the sparkling rain.

Not one bird could be heard; all were in hiding and silent, except that at times there rang out the metallic, hell-like sound of the jeering tom-tit.

Before halting in this hirsch copse I had been through a wood of tall aspen-trees with my dog. I confess I have no great liking for that tree, the aspen, with its pale-lilac trunk and the greyish-green metallic leaves which it flings as high as it can, and unfolds in a quivering fan in the air; I do not care for the eternal shaking of its round, slovenly leaves, awkwardly hooked on to long stalks. It is only handsome on some summer evenings when, rising singly above low undergrowth, it faces the reddening beams of the setting sun, and shines and quivers, hatched from root to top in one unbroken yellow glow, or when, on a clear windy day, it is all rippling, rustling, and whispering to the blue sky, and every leaf is, as it were, seized with a longing to break away, to fly off and soar into the distance.

But, as a rule, I don't care for the tree, and so, not stopping to rest in the aspen wood, I made my way to the birch copse, curled up under a tree whose branches started low down near the ground, and were consequently capable of shielding me from the rain, and after admiring the surrounding view a little, I fell into that sweet untroubled sleep only known to hunters.

I cannot say how long I was asleep, but when I opened my eyes, all the depths of the wood were filled with sunlight, and in all directions across the joyously rustling leaves

there were glimpses, one might say flashes, of intense blue sky; the clouds had vanished, driven away by the hustling wind; the weather had changed to fair, and there was that feeling of peculiar dry freshness in the air which fills the heart with a sense of buoyancy, and is almost always a sure sign of a still bright evening after a rainy day.

I was just about to get up and try my luck again when suddenly my eyes fell on a motionless human figure. I looked attentively; it was a young peasant girl. She was sitting twenty paces off, her head bent in thought, and her hands lying in her lap; one of them, half-open, held a big nosegay of wild flowers, which softly stirred on her check petticoat with every breath. Her clean white smock, buttoned up at the throat and wrists, lay in short soft folds about her figure; two rows of big yellow heads fell from her neck to her bosom.

She was very pretty. Her thick, fair hair of a lovely, almost ashen hue was parted into two carefully combed semi-circles under the narrow crimson head-band which was brought down almost on to her forehead, white as ivory; the rest of her face was faintly tanned that golden hue which is only taken by a delicate skin. I could not see her eyes—she did not raise them; but I saw her delicate high eyebrows, her long lashes; they were wet, and on one of her cheeks there shone in the sun the traces of quickly drying tears, reaching right down to her rather pale lips.

Her little head was very charming altogether; even her rather thick snub nose did not spoil her.

I was especially taken with the expression of her face; it was so simple and gentle, so sad and so full of childish wonder at its own sadness.

She was obviously waiting for someone; something crackled faintly in the wood; she raised her head at once and looked round; in the transparent shade I caught a rapid glimpse of her eyes, large, clear and timorous, like a fawn's. For a few instants she listened, not moving her wide-open eyes from the spot whence the faint sound had come; she sighed, turned her head slowly, bent still lower, and began sorting her flowers. Her eyelids turned red, her lips twitched faintly, and a fresh tear rolled from under her thick eye-lashes and stood brightly shining on her cheek.

Rather a long while passed thus; the poor girl did not stir, except for a despairing movement of her hands now and then—and she kept listening, listening. Again there was a crackling sound in the wood; she started. The sound did not cease, it grew more distinct, and came closer; at last one could hear quick resolute footsteps. She drew herself up and seemed frightened; her intent gaze was all a-quiver, all aglow with expectation.

Through the thicket quickly appeared the figure of a man. She gazed at it, suddenly flushed, gave a radiant, blissful smile, tried to rise, and sank back again at once, turned white and confused, and only raised

her quivering, almost supplicating eyes to the man approaching when the latter stood still beside her.

I looked at him with curiosity from my ambush. I confess he did not make an agreeable impression on me. He was, to judge by external signs, the pampered valet of some rich young gentleman. His attire betrayed pretensions to style and fashionable carelessness; he wore a shortish coat of a bronze colour, doubtless from his master's wardrobe, buttoned up to the neck, a pink cravat with lilac ends, and a black velvet cap with a gold ribbon, pulled forward right on to his eyebrows. The round collar of his white shirt mercilessly propped up his ears and cut his cheeks, and his starched cuffs hid his whole hand to the red crooked fingers, adorned by gold and silver rings with turquoise forget-me-nots.

His fresh, red, impudent-looking face belonged to the order of faces which, as far as I have observed, are almost always repulsive to men and unfortunately are very often attractive to women. He was obviously trying to give a scornful and bored expression to his coarse features; he incessantly screwed up his milky grey eyes—small enough at all times; he scowled, dropped the corners of his mouth, affected to yawn, and with careless, though not perfectly natural nonchalance, pushed back his modishly curled red sideburns, or pinched the yellow hairs sprouting on his thick upper lip—in fact, he gave himself insufferable airs.

He began his antics directly he

caught sight of the young peasant girl waiting for him; slowly, with a swaggering step, he went up to her, stood a moment shrugging his shoulders, stuffed both hands in his coat pockets, and barely vouchsafing the poor girl a cursory and indifferent glance, he dropped on to the ground.

"Well," he began, still gazing away, swinging his leg and yawning, "have you been here long?"

The girl could not at once answer.

"Yes, a long while, Victor Alexandrich," she said at last in a voice hardly audible.

"Ah!" (He took off his cap, majestically passed his hand over his thick, stiffly curled hair, which grew almost down to his eyebrows, and looking round him with dignity, carelessly covered his precious head again.) "And I quite forgot all about it. Besides, it rained!" (He yawned again.) "Lots to do; there's no looking after everything; and he's always scolding. We set off tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" uttered the young girl. And she fastened her startled eyes upon him.

"Yes, tomorrow. Come, come, please!" he added in a tone of vexation, seeing she was shaking all over and softly bending her head. "Please, Akulina, don't cry. You know I can't stand that." (And he wrinkled up his snub nose.) "Else I'll go away at once. . . . What silliness—snivelling!"

"There, I won't, I won't!" cried Akulina, hurriedly gulping down her tears with an effort. "You are starting tomorrow?" she added after a

brief silence. "When will God grant that we see each other again, Victor Alexandrich?"

"We shall see each other, we shall see each other. If not next year—then later. The master wants to enter the service in Petersburg, I fancy," he went on, pronouncing his words with careless condescension through his nose; "and perhaps we shall go abroad, too."

"You will forget me, Victor Alexandrich," said Akulina mournfully.

"No, why so? I won't forget you; only you be sensible, don't be a fool; obey your father. . . . And I won't forget you—no-o." (And he placidly stretched and yawned again.)

"Don't forget me, Victor Alexandrich," she went on in a supplicating voice. "I think none could love you as I do. I have given you everything. You tell me to obey my father, Victor Alexandrich. But how can I obey my father?"

"Why not?" (He uttered these words, as it were, from his stomach, lying on his back with his hands behind his head.)

"But how can I, Victor Alexandrich?—You know yourself."

She broke off. Victor played with his steel watch-chain.

"You're not a fool, Akulina," he said at last, "so don't talk nonsense. I desire your good—do you understand me? To be sure, you're not a fool—not altogether a mere rustic, so to say; and your mother, too; wasn't always a peasant. Still you've no education—so you ought to do what you're told."

"But it's fearful."

"O-oh! That's nonsense, my dear; a queer thing to be afraid of! What have you got there?" he added, moving closer to her. "Flowers?"

"Yes," Akulina responded dejectedly. "That's some wild tansy I picked," she went on, brightening up a little. "It's good for calves. And this is had-marigold—against the king's evil. Look, what a funny flower! I've never seen such a funny flower before. These are forget-me-nots, and that's mother-darling. And these I picked for you," she added, taking from under a yellow tansy a small bunch of blue cornflowers, tied up with a thin blade of grass. "Do you like them?"

Victor languidly held out his hand, took the flowers, carelessly sniffed at them, and began twirling them in his fingers, looking upwards. Akulina watched him. In her mournful eyes there was such tender devotion, adoring submission and love. She was afraid of him and did not dare to cry, and was saying good-bye to him and admiring him for the last time; while he lay, lolling like a sultan, and with magnanimous patience and condescension put up with her adoration.

I must own that I glared indignantly at his red face, on which, under the affectation of scornful indifference, one could discern vanity soothed and satisfied.

Akulina was so sweet at that instant; her whole soul was confidently and passionately laid bare before him, full of longing and caressing tenderness, while he . . . he dropped the cornflowers on the

grass, pulled a round eye-glass set in a brass rim out of the side pocket of his coat, and began sticking it in his eye; but however much he tried to hold it with his frowning eyebrow, his pursed-up cheek and nose, the eye-glass kept tumbling out and falling into his hand.

"What is it?" Akulina asked at last in wonder.

"An eye-glass," he answered with dignity.

"What for?"

"Why, to see better."

"Shaw me."

Victor scowled, but gave her the glass.

"Don't break it; look out."

"Never fear, I won't break it." (She put it to her eye.) "I see nothing," she said innocently.

"But you must shut your eye," he retorted in the tones of a displeased teacher. (She shut the eye before which she held the glass.)

"Not that one, not that one, you fool! The other!" cried Victor, and he took away his eye-glass, without allowing her to correct her mistake.

Akulina flushed a little, gave a faint laugh, and turned away.

"It's clear it's not for the likes of us," she said.

"I should think not, indeed!"

The poor girl was silent and gave a deep sigh.

"Ah, Victor Alexandrich, what it will be like for me to be without you!" she said suddenly.

Victor rubbed the glass on the lapel of his coat and put it back in his pocket.

"Yes, yes," he said at last, "at

first it will be hard for you, certainly." (He patted her condescendingly on the shoulder; she softly took his hand from her shoulder and timidly kissed it.) "There, there, you're a good girl certainly," he went on, with a complacent smile. "But what's to be done? You can see for yourself! Me and the master could never stay on here; it will soon be winter now, and winter in the country—you know yourself—is simply disgusting. It's quite another thing in Petersburg! There, there are such wonders that a silly girl like you could never imagine them in your dreams! Such horses, and streets, and society, and civilization—simply marvellous!" (Akulina listened with devouring attention, her lips slightly parted, like a child.) "But what's the use," he added, turning over on the ground, "of my telling you all this? Of course, you can't understand it!"

"Why, Victor Alexandrich! I understand; I understand everything."

"My eye, what a girl it is!"

Akulina looked down.

"You used not to talk to me like that once, Victor Alexandrich," she said, not lifting her eyes.

"Once? Once! . . . My goodness!" he remarked, as though in indignation.

They both were silent.

"It's time I was going," said Victor, and he was already rising on his elbow.

"Wait a little longer," Akulina besought him in a supplicating voice.

"What for? Why, I've said good-bye to you."

"Wait a little," repeated Akulina.

Victor lay down again and began whistling. Akulina never took her eyes off him. I could see that she was gradually being overcome by emotion; her lips twitched, her pale cheeks faintly glowed.

"Victor Alexandrich," she began at last in a broken voice, "it's too had of you . . . it is too had of you, Victor Alexandrich, indeed it is!"

"What's too had?" he asked, frowning, and he slightly raised his head and turned it towards her.

"It's too had, Victor Alexandrich. You might at least say one kind word to me at parting; you might have said one little word to me, a poor, luckless, forlorn . . ."

"But what am I to say to you?"

"I don't know; you know that best, Victor Alexandrich. Here you are going away, and not one little word . . . What have I done to deserve this?"

"You're such a queer creature! What can I do?"

"One word at least."

"There, she keeps on at the same thing," he commented with annoyance, and he got up.

"Don't be angry, Victor Alexandrich," she added hurriedly, with difficulty suppressing her tears.

"I'm not angry, only you're silly . . . What do you want? You know I can't marry you, can I? I can't, can I? What is it you want then, eh?" (He thrust his face forward as though expecting an answer, and spread his fingers out.)

"I want nothing . . . nothing," she answered falteringly, and she ventured to hold out her trembling hands

to him, "but only a word of parting."

And her tears fell in a torrent.

"There, that means she's gone off into a crying fit," said Victor coolly, pushing his cap down over his eyes.

"I want nothing," she went on, sobbing and covering her face with her hands. "But what is there before me in my family? What is there before me? What will happen to me? What will become of me, poor wretch? They will marry me to a hateful . . . poor, forsaken . . . poor me!"

"Sing away, sing away," muttered Victor in an undertone, fidgeting with impatience as he stood.

"And he might say one word, one word . . . He might say, 'Akulina . . . I . . .'"

Sudden heart-breaking sobs prevented her from finishing; she lay with her face in the grass and bitterly, bitterly she wept. Her whole body shook convulsively, her neck fairly heaved . . . Her long-suppressed grief broke out in a torrent at last. Victor stood over her, stood a moment, shrugged his shoulders, turned away and strode off.

A few instants passed. She grew calmer, raised her head, jumped up, looked round and wrung her hands; she tried to run after him, but her legs gave way under her—she fell on her knees. I could not refrain from rushing up to her; but, almost before she had time to look at me, she made a superhuman effort, got up with a faint shriek and vanished behind the trees, leaving her flowers scattered on the ground.

I stood a minute, picked up the

bunch of cornflowers, and went out of the wood into the open country. The sun had sunk low in the pale clear sky; its rays, too, seemed to have grown pale and chill; they did not shine; they were diffused in an unbroken, watery light. It was within half-an-hour of sunset, but there was scarcely any of the glow of evening.

A gusty wind scurried to meet me, across the parched yellow stubble; little curled-up leaves, scudding hurriedly before it, flew by across the road, along the edge of the copse; the side of the copse facing the fields like a wall was all shaking and lit up by tiny gleams, distinct, but not glowing; on the reddish plants, the blades of grass, the straws on all sides, were sparkling and stirring innumerable threads of autumn spiders' webs.

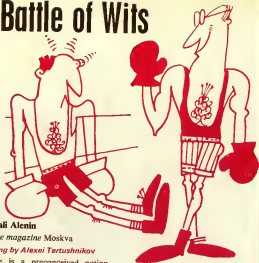
I stopped. I felt sad at heart: under the bright but chill smile of fading nature, the dismal dread of coming winter seemed to steal upon me. High overhead flew a cautious raven, heavily and sharply cleaving the air with his wings; he turned his head, looked sideways at me, flapped his wings and, cawing abruptly, vanished behind the wood; a great flock of pigeons flew up playfully from a threshing-floor, and suddenly eddying in a column, scattered busily about the country. Sure sign of autumn! Someone came driving over the bare hillside, his empty cart rattling loudly . . .

I turned homewards; but it was long before the figure of poor Akulina faded out of my mind, and her cornflowers, long since withered, are still in my keeping.



*Church at Spasskoye—Lutovinovo
once the family estate.*

A Battle of Wits



by Vitali Alenin

from the magazine *Moskva*

Drawing by Alexei Tartushnikov

There is a preconceived notion that a boxer needs only muscles, and that intellect is unnecessary in the squared circle.

Personally, I believe that I am an excellent refutation of this idea. When I am in the ring my physical, spiritual and mental powers reach a peak.

During a recent bout I carried on an inspiring tête-à-tête with my opponent, who was from the Hercules amateur sports club.

As soon as the bell went he delivered a short left jab to my cheekbone and I felt as though I had

stopped a fast goods train.

"How's your condition?" he inquired with solicitude, feinting in preparation for his next blow.

I understood immediately that I was dealing with an intellectual opponent who, like myself, enjoyed a chat in the lulls of combat.

"That was nice work," I complimented him, ducking under his right hook and politely inquiring if it was agreeable that I pummel his body.

"My midriff is at your disposal," he said, smiling sweetly and delivering

an uppercut to the jaw.

Something inside me churned like a butter-making machine and I was on the point of describing this interesting phenomenon when the bell rang, signifying the end of the first round.

"That was very pleasant," he said, in a slightly tired voice, and wafted me a kiss as we retired to our respective corners.

"He's wide open for a right hand," my coach hissed, while waving a towel over me. "Make use of that in the next round."

The bell rang.

"Your face is familiar. You remind me of my grandfather," my opponent observed in reopening our conversation. He circled around me. "Especially your right profile. Your left reminds me of that actress who played the part of the grandmother in—"

A right hook hit grandfather and a short left jab did for grandmother. I saw stars.

"Your physiognomy is also known to me," I gasped, hanging on the ropes. "But this conversation is becoming tiresome. Let's talk about literature."

We didn't get a chance, because the second round ended.

"You are somewhat disturbed," my trainer informed me, with a note of displeasure in his voice. "You are not taking advantage of that opening for your right. Remember!"

I promised to remember.

"Have you read Updike?" I asked when we met in the centre of the ring for the third and final round. At the

same time I swung a roundhouse right.

"Yes, I've read him," my opponent said, picking himself up from the canvas, "but personally I prefer Salinger. Excuse me if I inconvenience you with a straight left. . . ."

When my head cleared I fell into a clinch. He had no objections, and we clung to each other like wet laundry hung out to dry. By the time the referee caught on to our stratagem and ordered us to "break", my worthy opponent had managed to recite a short excerpt from Voznesensky's *Antiworlds*.

My right to the chin floored him.

"For some reason I've just thought of Bernard Shaw," he continued, getting on his feet at the count of seven. "Remember his reply when they asked him, 'What can you put up with most easily?'"

"Well, what did he reply?" I inquired impatiently, seeking his vulnerable spot and unconsciously dropping my guard.

"He said . . . *Eight! Nine! Ten! Out!*"

The last words were not uttered by my adversary. Nor by G.B.S. They came from the lips of the referee, bending solicitously over me, just a moment before he raised my charming, sociable opponent's hand in victory.

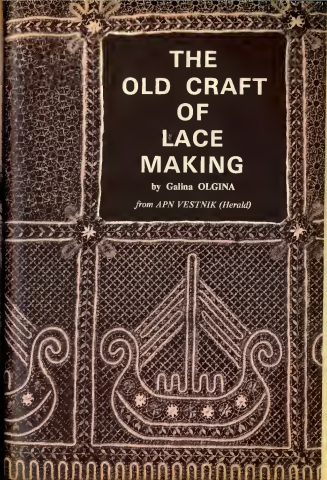
It had been an extremely pleasant session, a battle of wits as well as muscle. I am unable to forgive myself only one thing: as I was being carried out of the ring, I forgot to ask, "What did Bernard Shaw say he could put up with most easily?"



THE OLD CRAFT OF LACE MAKING

by Galina OLGINA

from APN VESTNIK (Herald)





We publish this article in response to a number of requests from readers.

*The Lace-maker:
painting by Vessili Tropinin
(1776-1857)*

When and by whom the complex art of lace making was introduced to Russia will probably never be known—it has occupied a firm place among the handicrafts in this country from time immemorial.

Thirteenth-century chronicles record that Prince Daniil Romannovich impressed foreign ambassadors with his proud bearing and splendid garments. The princely attire, it appears, was trimmed with lace made from extremely fine silver and gold thread and embellished with a wide variety of spangles, feathers and pearls.

But the reputation of Russian lace was not due solely to such luxury items. Lace made from linen thread became very popular, and it could be highly attractive—everything depended on the taste, skill and imagination of the lace-maker.

The material was always available—the poorest home had two or three strips of land sown with flax.

In the north the winters are long,

The snow falls noiselessly, blanketing rivers, woods and fields. Beneath it covering the earth slumbers until spring. This is the season for handicrafts, the time when the girls gather in one of the larger cottages and sit round till late at night, singing plaintive songs while busy with their lace.

The frost patterns on the windows—the rime-crusts branching outside—the delicate tracery of a snowflake as it melts . . . all these are transformed into fanciful patterns in the lace.

To a Russian the words "Russian lace" evoke pictures of such old towns as Vologda, Yelets, Ryazan and Vyatka (now Kirov, a regional centre in the north-east of the European part of the USSR). The gold-fingered girls of all these places were famed throughout Russia. But the finest lace-makers of all were Vologda girls, and the secrets of the craft were handed down from generation to generation.

Lace-making schools have not

been set up in Vologda. A teacher enjoying the special affection of her pupils is Kapitolina Isakova, an elderly lace-maker who is a real artist. It was she who was responsible for the magnificently designed and executed "Northern Lights", a piece of lace incorporated in a small tablecloth, a fairy-tale picture of winter and dazzling Northern Lights.

Vologda lace won a gold medal at the Brussels Exhibition in 1968.

Yelets lace is lighter and more delicate. The patterns are not so sharply defined, and transitions are smoother.

The Yelets lace-makers are fond of designs made up of big flowers, and a specially popular pattern is "Slavnyanka", a very old one of eight-petaled flowers with effective contrasting of thickly woven lace and openwork design. Yelets lace is gay, light, and with a festive air.

The connoisseur is also familiar with Vyatka lace, which also has its



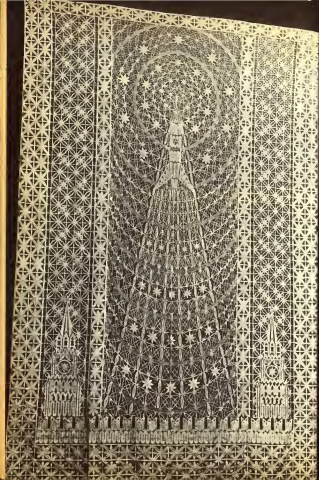
distinctive features. Here the transition between one pattern and the next is abrupt, the design is sharply brought out. Generally speaking, the patterns are bold and vigorous, as though in movement, and one gets an impression of iridescence.

Then there is the coloured lace of Ryazan or, as it is also called, Mikhailovskoye lace. Made in the little town of Mikhailov (in Central Russia, near Ryazan), it is so colourful that it may be taken for embroidery.

It is extraordinarily bright, and preserves features of national peasant costume. Reds predominate, and the effect of a design in red is heightened by threads of yellow and deep blue.

Whole articles are not made of Mikhailovskoye lace. It is used for trimming, adding brightness and freshness to whatever it decorates.

Despite the fact that it has been going strong for centuries, Russian lace is in as great demand as ever.



*Left: Curtain with
an up-to-date
design
made in
Vologda*



*Above and below:
"Russian
Souvenirs"—
miniatures
from
Vologda*



*Right:
Vologda
bedspread*



*The lace mats
pictured here
and at the
foot of the page
are from Kirov
(formerly Vyetka)*



*"I remember when
I was a gay young thing"
is the name
given to this lace panel
from Vologda,
worked in linen thread*



Vologda lace-makers at work



can we kill death ?

by Victor PEKELIS

condensed from the newspaper *LITERATURNAYA ROSSIYA*

Early man lived for 20 years, on the average. The ancient Romans did four years better than this. In feudal times the average life span reached 31 years. In 1926 in Russia, life expectancy was 44.3 years, shooting up to more than 68 years in 1959. Today Russians can expect to live to be 70, on the average, and some day 100 years may be reached.

Will the average life span keep rising after that?

As well as the concept of average life span, science uses the concept of potential life span—the longest life

conceivable. Experts differ in their estimates. Among the figures named are 112 and 124 years.

Certainly, some people have already lived to be 156 or even 186. Dr. Alexander Bogomolets, an eminent Soviet pathophysiologicalist, has set the figure at from 150 to 160 years.

Gerontology is the study of old age in man. Geriatrics, a comparatively new field of medicine, embraces the study, prevention and treatment of the diseases of old age. Hardly any science produces more hypotheses and theories than these.

To quote a Soviet encyclopaedia, ageing is a natural process resulting from continual biological changes comprising the life process.

The decline in capacities

Human muscle power reaches a maximum between 20 and 30 years of age before it begins to go downhill.

This period brings the reproductive function to a peak—man's sexual activity reaches a climax and gradually diminishes to the minimum towards the age of 75.

Metabolic changes in the brain accompanying ageing bring about a gradual decline in intellectual capacity. The power of logical and associative thinking weakens markedly after 45.

Assuming that ability to reason at 20 equals 100 units, at 50 there are only 80 units left and at 60 only 75.

Sad to say, ageing begins far too early.

Medicos, alchemists, priests, magi—they have all contributed to the

study of old age. So now the list of books on gerontology and geriatrics numbers 40,000. More than 200 hypotheses have been advanced to explain the secret of ageing. Science has attempted to storm old age from every possible position.

August Weissmann, an eminent German geneticist, constructed a theory explaining why death is inevitable. He believed that the human body grows old by losing the ability to renew its cells.

Ilya Mechnikov, a distinguished Russian microbiologist, by his intoxication theory, thought that the body was gradually poisoned by its own waste products.

Other scientists, without devising theories, were practical. Edouard Brown-Séquard, a French physiologist, thought he could rejuvenate himself by injecting a fresh extract made from the testicles of dogs and rabbits. Dr. Steinach, an Austrian, dissected and tied his patients' spermatic tubes in a bid to stimulate multiplication of the cells that were believed to have rejuvenating properties.

Paris researchers caused a sensation by transplanting the testes of anthropoid apes and of young people to old men. But no amount of this kind of effort brought any encouraging results.

Attempts at rejuvenation have grown rapidly in the twentieth century. The material used was taken from thyroid and pituitary glands, and later a combination of pituitary, suprarenal and thyroid glands. Dr. Bogomolets made a serum from an

extract of spleen and marrow from young people. Doctors also suggested hormones, vitamins, tissue extracts, novocaine, a growth stimulant obtained from oil, and even melted snow.

Scientists later assumed that perhaps a key to prolonged youth lay hidden in the oerovous system. Attempts were made to bring about beneficial effects on the ageing body by means of artificially induced sleep, because sleep intensifies regeneration processes in the brain.

Today the latest device is intensive bio currents. Ukrainian scientists have evolved a bioelectric stimulator which is thought likely to make possible control over the functioning of individual nerve and muscle systems and organs.

Interesting work has been done by Professor Arshavsky, head of an age physiology and pathology laboratory in Moscow. His assumption is that the body's working capacities grow and are maintained above all by physical work.

Many hypotheses have already been replaced by new ones. The very idea of fighting senescence seems to possess the secret of eternal youth.

"Repair service"

Man could hardly have anticipated that some day his organs would be subject to replacement, like parts of a machine. Yet medical and other researchers have provided artificial joints of metal, plastics, resins and nylon, artificial parts of tantalum and nylon for the abdominal cavity, artificial plates for the skull, and

artificial gullets and tracheas. Artificial kidneys have been in use for some time, and there have been effective experiments with an artificial "speaking" larynx.

Several models of an electronic eye and an electronic ear (helping to achieve 75 per cent of normal hearing) have been designed. New plastics, which do not affect metabolism, and which can be used in contact with living tissues, are being successfully tested.

These are all forms of the body's "emergency service". Perhaps a more solid repair service is about to be established. Surgeons have long looked forward to being able to extract any organ from the body, to operate on it and then return it to where it belongs, and to replace worn-out organs with donor-supplied ones.

Current, intermediate and capital repairs, if administered with skill and in time, are bound to prolong life. Dr. Vladimir Demikhov, a noted Soviet pathophysiological, envisages the entire replacement of all irretrievably affected organs by healthy organs taken from donors as "one of the key directions of search for ways to preserve human life".

No substitution of organs, and no amount of subsequent regeneration, can prevent old age from affecting the overall balance of the vital processes—or from reducing the body's "safety factor". Thousands of external impacts make it difficult to maintain constancy of the body's internal medium and its "regulating organs".

This is why researchers have recently become interested in the body's self-regulating process. Medicine has in this way been wedded to cybernetics, which has advanced its own hypotheses to combat ageing.

One of these hypotheses has been formulated by Dr. Nikolai Amosov, a noted Soviet scientist, surgeon and engineer, whose book *Thoughts and the Heart* was reprinted in part in *Sputnik* of June 1967.

Man has a delicate, self-regulating system operating on definite programmes, of which two types can be traced. Human genes contain "animal" programmes, one of which provides, for example, for the instinct of self-preservation. But man also has an incomparably greater number of social programmes to follow. Instead of being in his genes, these are contained in the appropriate sections of his brain, made up of billions of cells, and condition behaviour.

Man's whole life is a master programme comprised of a great many animal and social sub-programmes. Viewed from this angle, man is healthy when his physical development obeys this programme, and ill when the programme is violated under the impact of biological, physiological, psychological and other factors.

Like a brilliant programmer, nature has provided for possible violations of its programmes in the form of reserve programmes designed to correct deviations. But if human beings have built-in recovery programmes, why, then, do they die of diseases?

Regrettably, unpredictable circumstances arise in the body—deviations from the normal way of life lead to accumulation of harmful substances. Besides the programmed actions, there arise interferences with the regulated system. Like any other system, man accumulates regulative errors.

And how about the brain? Can it be replaced when it grows old? In the very distant future, at the end of the very long road cybernetics has just embarked upon, one can envisage the coupling of man-made and natural brains; the two might work together for some time, the artificial brain being taught all the habits and tastes of its "master". When the old, living brain was removed a man would live on with the artificial brain, which would contain full information about his memory, knowledge, tastes and character.

If the idea is carried further, an artificial brain consisting entirely of artificial components might be implanted in a body. In other words, a man—body and brain—could die, but his intellect could be passed on to the artificial brain.

In this way, theory makes immortality possible. But once we have approached old age from the point of view of cybernetics, let us lend an ear to a statement by leading cyberneticians, which says, "Maximum stability—immortality—leads to stagnation and ends evolution".

Perhaps this paradox is another way of saying that to seek the "elixir of immortality" is to invoke the end of life?



*Painter-poet
of his
native land*

Sergei Gerasimov (1885-1964)

by Andrei CHEGODAYEV

from the magazine ISKUSSTVO

All his life, Sergei Gerasimov painted his native countryside and the people who lived there. For his series "The Russian Land", he was posthumously awarded the Lenin Prize.

For the last two-and-a-half years of his life, Sergei Gerasimov fought a fatal illness. But he was still working to the end, carrying on with the painting he loved. The watercolour landscapes he did from his hospital bed are full of the grace and harmony that characterised his finest work.

He had always worked tremendously hard, not having a facile technique, and he was not uniformly successful. Showing through all his work was his life-long fascination with the poetry of the Russian landscape.

Born and brought up in Mozhaïsk, Central Russia, he was to love this region above all others, to the end of his life returning every summer, except during the war, to live and work there. The magnificent vista seen from his home on the high bank of the Moskva River served as a rich and

ever-changing source of impressions for his painting.

Yet Mozhaïsk was more than just landscape. It was there that, as a boy, he got to know the life of the Russian countryside, of the small town, the moments of gladness and grief in the lives of the common people.

By the time of the October Revolution, Sergei Gerasimov was a fine painter and a mature one. His first major work of that period showed that he had entered a new phase in his artistic career. A giant panel called "Master of the Land" showed a black-bearded peasant holding a red banner. Painted for the first anniversary of the Revolution, the huge picture was hung in the centre of Moscow, completely covering the facade of the former city hall.

The same year, Gerasimov at last finished what was to be one of his

finest oils, begun six years earlier. This was a full-length portrait of his father, a very tall, thin man with a kind and melancholy face. This austere-looking canvas was one of the few that always hung in the painter's studio.

Gerasimov's principal theme at this time was the people of the Revolution. He produced a whole series of pictures featuring the men and women of Mozhaisk, mostly people he knew well, but transformed into types characteristic of the time.

By 1924, Gerasimov had abandoned this rather grandiose manner and gradually settled into a warmer, more personal style—a straightforward yet peculiarly gentle treatment of the subject which was always seen bathed in a clear light.

A self-portrait done in 1929 or 1930 gives us a good idea of the painter's inner world at the time. This is the finest of all his self-portraits, and, incidentally, the best likeness. However, the crowning achievements of the 1920s were a large canvas, "Siberian Partisans Take an Oath" (completed in 1933), and "Collective Farm Watchman".

At this time, too, Gerasimov did some book illustration, though it seemed of secondary interest to him until 1934, when he began a series of watercolours to illustrate the works of the nineteenth century poet Nikolai Nekrasov. Gerasimov worked with great enthusiasm in this new medium. His next effort in this field took 15 years of work, on and off. The whole gallery of characters in Maxim Gorky's novel, *The*

Artamonov, seemed to inspire him.

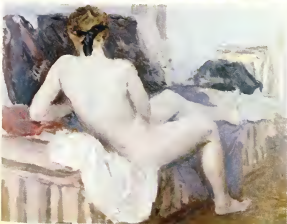
Significant in Gerasimov's life was an album called "Reminiscences", painted in Samarkand, Central Asia, where he went when the war began. The long, dreary evenings in the winter of 1941-42 Gerasimov spent filling three ordinary office ledgers (the only papers available) with pictures of his beloved Mozhaisk, beginning with his childhood and including portraits of his parents, with every sort of impression, some sparkling and gay, some frankly wistful, and all permeated with the greatest warmth and tenderness.

Most of the oil paintings he did in the 30s and later, and a good part of the watercolours, were landscapes. But Gerasimov never painted landscapes "in general", without faithfully conveying the feel of a place and the time it was painted, though detail for its own sake held no interest for him. This is especially true of Mozhaisk, where he knew every mood of light and practically every inch of the ground.

Though art was his vocation, the most vital concern of his life, this artist took a serious interest in public affairs. Yet Gerasimov in private was not easy to know.

Most of those who met him were impressed by the easy, polished elegance of his wit. Few were invited further. But he was true to himself, generous and sincere, though reticent in personal matters. He was an excellent teacher and a masterly painter.

Top: "Lilac" 1955. Below: "Nude" 1940



The Last of the Snow, 1954



Спокойствие



*'Mother of a Partisan',
painted in 1943*





*"Ilya Artamonov".
Illustration to Gorky's
"The Artamonovs".*

*"The Mad Women".
Illustration to
Ostrovsky's "The
Thunderstorm".*



*"Siberian Partisans
Take an Oath".
1933*



*"The Daughter-in-
Law". Illustration
to N. Nekrasov's
"Who Can Be
Happy and Free in
Russia?"*



WINTER * WINTER * WINTER * WINTER





The Russian language has about 30 words for snow, in its varying conditions. Not all are fun or shiversome. Snow can be beautiful and snow can be fun. It certainly doesn't daunt the motorcycling enthusiasts (above). Perhaps the reverse, for falling is softer!

Left: High spirits round the Yolka, or Christmas Tree. At any moment a Snow Maiden may appear through the birches . . .



Another speed sport—and these tobagganers might even outpace the motorcyclists on a good slope.

Snow is a sculptor, too. On the left, the hooded lady.



Below: A roc's eggs, maybe; deposited from some magic carpet?



And could these be Gogol's "Dead souls"?

Right: A bronze Pushkin stands firm in the Moscow snowstorm.





Skis on your feet, or snow on your whiskers—it's great!





Many couples take their young children out skiing at the weekend—and many a father ends up like the one pictured above.



Winter brings out the great army of ice-hole anglers, too. For this you need cold-proof clothing and bags of patience.



Whoops! If you try to pull up on the way down, you're likely to finish with a spectacular series of somersaults.



A pleasant interlude. They'll cook shashlik on the campfire, sing a few songs, and be on their way.

One on the Bear



by Victor GORBACHEV

from the magazine LESNAYA PROMYSHLENNOST

Drawing by Oleg ISHANOV

I was sitting smoking and chatting quietly with a friend on the high bank of a little river running through the untouched Siberian forest, when suddenly a huge brown bear emerged from a thicket 50 yards away.

He looked around cautiously, sniffing the air, but as we were on his lee side he did not notice us. After standing motionless for a while, he began to walk back and forth along the water's edge, treading gently. Finally, he clambered on to a flat-topped boulder rising slightly above the water.

The bear bent his broad head close to the water and sat as if frozen for 15 minutes or so. Then abruptly, with lightning speed, he struck the water with his paw and a fair-sized fish sailed through the air and landed on a sandbank.

The bear scuttled nimbly to the spot and gobbled up the fish. Then he resumed his position on the boulder.

We were watching with bated breath. Soon the bear landed his second fish, then a third. He ate all of the second, but only some of the last, throwing the remains on the sand.

After watching the bear fishing for an hour, we found it boring just to sit there without moving, and my friend was just about ready to shout at the "angler" to scare him off when we spotted a red fox in the undergrowth behind the bear. Slowly and quietly, with eyes fixed on the bear's back, the fox stole along towards the bear's catch.

With only two yards to go, he crawled along hugging the ground,

and we could barely discern his cinnamon coat against the yellow sand.

The fox snatched one of the fish but instead of giving himself away by scurrying back into the undergrowth with it, he retreated slowly and noiselessly. In a few minutes he returned and approached the booty more boldly. The bear, engrossed in his fishing, noticed nothing and the fox made off with another fish.

"What a smart one!" my friend whispered admiringly. At that moment the bear turned suddenly and, seeing the fox, growled menacingly and began to chase it. But the fox had already disappeared into the thick undergrowth, where the bear could not follow.

The shaggy angler returned to his fish and began to devour it with an air of gloomy determination.

Then my friend rose, let out a piercing whistle and shouted to the bear, "Right, old man, the show's over. We get the rest of the fish!"

The bear made a choking sound—perhaps from annoyance, perhaps because a fish had gone down the wrong way. He scuttled for cover in the ferns without even a glance at us. For a long time we heard the crackle of dry branches as he made off through the thicket.

Descending the steep bank, we took what was left of the catch and went to a nearby hunting lodge, where we set about making fish soup. It was superb.

"I'll have another one on the bear," said my friend, helping himself to a second bowl of soup.

the port of
ODESSA





Homer did not record if the hero of his *Odyssey* landed at the site of present-day Odessa. But if Odysseus turned up on the spot today—and in Odessa anything is possible—he would be proud of the city that bears his name.

He would like its architecture, its intimate atmosphere and, of

course, its people, with their inexhaustible humour.

If he were to ask the way to a certain place he would as likely as not get the reply, "Listen. If you turn right, then left, and go straight on, then to the left again and once more to the right—well, you won't get there!"



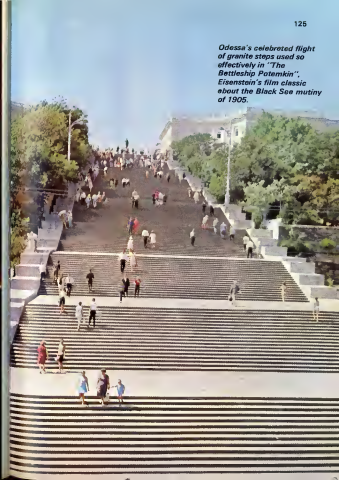
On the trolley-bus, instead of the usual "Fares please!" he'd be more likely to hear, "You think Pushkin's going to pay for you?"

Odysseus would see and hear a great many interesting things in Odessa. But the most interesting of all is the port.

All kinds of vessels, from

50,000-ton ocean liners to tiny fishing trawlers, put in at Odessa. Between them they fly the flags of 30 states, and every year carry away 15 million tons of cargo and countless passengers to Varna in Bulgaria, Constanza in Rumania, Piraeus, Naples, Alexandria, Beirut and Marseilles.

Odessa's celebrated flight of granite steps used so effectively in "The Battleship Potemkin", Eisenstein's film classic about the Black Sea mutiny of 1905.





The Duc de Richelieu, whose monument stands at the top of the steps, would be astonished to see the port today. A member of the same noble house as the famous Cardinal, and a fugitive from the French Revolution, he was appointed



Governor-General of Odessa at the end of the eighteenth century. The port was at that time a comparatively obscure part of Russia. He could hardly have imagined that it would eventually become one of the biggest ports in Europe.



STAMPS

A series of five stamps and a souvenir block were issued by the USSR to mark the 19th Olympic Games in Mexico. Designed by E. Amiskin, they are printed by the multicolour intaglio method.



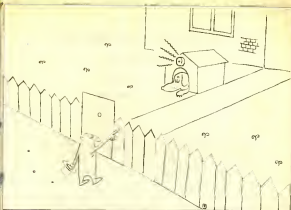
4 kopeks—Gymnastics
6 kopeks—Weightlifting
10 kopeks—Rowing
12 kopeks—Hurdling
16 kopeks—Fencing
40 kopeks (block)—track-and-field, and a runner carrying the Olympic flame against a background of the Aztec calendar.



Combed perforations 11 1/2.



XIX ОЛИМПИЙСКИЕ ИГРЫ



Drawings by VITALI PESKOV.



LINCOLN'S RUSSIAN GENERAL

by Kyrill Kalmanovich

from the almanac *PROMETEI*

"I have seen from the newspapers that a certain Turchaninov, a retired Russian Army officer, is in command of a regiment of Illinois volunteers. I suppose he left Russia without permission. This is no place for an officer who had the honour to serve in the Army of our most gracious monarch."

(From a report by the Russian Ambassador in Washington, 1862.)

"I have never seen better military training than in your regiment."

(Brigadier-General Don Carlos Buell, after inspection of Turchaninov's regiment, 1861.)

The name of Colonel Turchaninov appeared frequently in American newspapers during the Civil War. Who was he?

Ivan Turchaninov was born in 1822. He attended the St. Petersburg Artillery School and continued his military education at the Academy of the General Staff. Holding the rank of colonel, he took part in the Crimean War (1853-56) and had

every opportunity to continue an outstanding career, but preferred to retire from the army. Announcing that he needed medical treatment, he went abroad—first to Britain and then to the United States. He completed an engineering course in Philadelphia and later worked for a railway construction company in Chicago.

When war broke out between the North and the South in 1861, the

Russian offered his services to the government and was placed in command of the 19th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, which formed part of the troops of General Don Carlos Buell. The regiment earned a reputation as one of the best in Sherman's Army.

Turchaninov's Russian military training proved of value in preparing the patriotic but inexperienced volunteers. The energetic colonel started publication of a newspaper for soldiers at Army Headquarters. At a time when there were no Negroes in the rest of the Union Army he recruited 150 Negroes to his regiment.

Many members of the Union Command did not share Turchaninov's views. Quite a few senior officers were secret supporters of the Confederacy, and there were others who advocated a compromise.

After a series of effective operations Turchaninov's regiment occupied Huntsville and Athens, Alabama. Then the regiment was pulled back for regrouping, leaving only a small garrison in Athens. The Confederates took advantage of the situation, attacked and captured the town. The greater part of the garrison was taken prisoner. Shortly, spine-chilling news came from the captured town: the prisoners-of-war had all been executed.

Turchaninov quickly concentrated his forces and counter-attacked. Athens was retaken, and Turchaninov ordered every enemy soldier who had refused to surrender to be executed on the spot. As a result of this summary act, Turchaninov's detractors accused him of cruelty. A special

commission was set up to consider the matter. The Colonel was court-martialled; the court passed a verdict of guilty and sentenced him to be cashiered.

This decision triggered off a Press campaign. Many Northern patriots and opponents of slavery demanded a retrial and intercession by the President. As a result, the sentence was forwarded to President Lincoln for review.

In September 1862, President Lincoln wrote that the court decision was biased and unjust and ordered it quashed. To demonstrate his high regard for Turchaninov he conferred on him the title of Brigadier-General. The people of Chicago gave a rousing welcome to the new general, which, according to a local newspaper, left no doubt as to the public's opinion of the court-martial.

In 1863, Turchaninov, in command of the 3rd Infantry Brigade, took part in another series of military operations. In the Battle of Chickamauga he applied the tactics of Russian bayonet charges. Despite some setbacks on adjacent sectors the battle was won. Turchaninov's Brigade also played a decisive role in the Battle of Missionary Ridge.

In 1864, ill-health forced Turchaninov to retire. Later he accepted an invitation from the War Department to study the history, tactics and strategy of the Civil War. He published a number of books, including one on the Battle of Chickamauga.

The last years of his life were tragic. Suspecting that War Department officials were treating him

unjustly, he broke with the Department. Lonely and penniless, he roamed America, and eked out a meagre living by giving violin concerts in small towns.

Two of his former army colleagues who had reached positions of influence obtained a pension of \$50 a month for him. But the sick old man, exhausted by his wanderings,

ended his life in a mental hospital. He died on April 18, 1901.

Ivan Turchaninov was buried with full military honours. The gun carriage with his coffin on it was followed by many old comrades-in-arms, and throngs of ordinary citizens who remembered the role he had played in the American Civil War.

MUSIC DISSOLVES INFRASOUND

Back in the Twenties, it was discovered in France that diesels, industrial ventilators and certain machine-tools in operation had a bad effect on many people, tiring some and adversely affecting the mood of others. Strong winds and storms and even trains passing at great speed can also create unpleasant sensations in some people.

Scientists established that the cause was inaudible infrasound, capable of getting through the thickest walls. Further investigations revealed that the most dangerous thing for a living organism was the sound with the seven-cycle frequency,

probably because it is in the same frequency as bio-currents in the brain.

It was found later that infrasound is harmless when it is accompanied by soft music or other muffled sound. Just switching on the radio stops people feeling tired or depressed. Infrasound is dissolved, as it were, in music.

Installation of radio in offices and factories has a positive effect on the mood and performance of employees, for music, provided it is not too loud, means greater productivity from everyone, relieving people of infrasonic harassment.

WORKERS WANTED

from the newspaper TRUD

"Wanted: Turners, milling-machine operators, maintenance men, mechanics, fitters, assemblers, etc."

Ads like this can be seen in show-cases in the streets, outside factories, and in newspapers and magazines.

According to the Central Statistical Board, about 60 per cent of the workers engaged in the USSR's key industries have an eight- or ten-year education. This is more than the present technological level of production requires. At the same time there is a shortage of skilled workers. There are several reasons for this.

Technological development means that the workers need a broader theoretical knowledge and have to use their brains more. Production now requires independent logical thinking, emotional maturity and constant perfection of knowledge rather than well-developed practical skills. These qualities are developed to a considerable extent at school. The training of the modern skilled industrial worker should therefore be

based on a high general educational standard.

It is estimated that the national economy already needs from 2.5 to 3 million skilled workers annually with eight- or ten-year education. The need for skilled labour power grows faster than the number of workers. Consequently, school-leavers who are not going on to colleges and universities or technical schools can choose jobs with a future at factories, ultimately becoming highly skilled workers. Naturally they must first acquire an adequate training, not a short-term affair on the job, but a thorough vocational training at a special school.

A poll taken among a group of young people who, after finishing eight- and ten-year schools in 1966, went to work at the two biggest industrial enterprises in Moscow —the Likhachev Motor Works and

the First Ball-Bearing Plant—has revealed that the trades the youngsters were taught on the job were picked up quite accidentally and did not appeal to most of them.

Those who go through ordinary schools have a good general education and fairly high demands on life, but they have no vocational training. At first they can be used as unskilled workers but this is liable to put them off factory work altogether. They cannot apply their knowledge to the work they do and so become discontented.

Experience has shown that the most reliable and highly skilled workers get their training at vocational schools. But the flow from these schools is not nearly enough for industry. And not only because there are not enough of these schools. Even the existing ones have vacancies and it is more and more difficult to persuade youngsters to enter them.

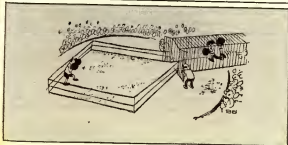
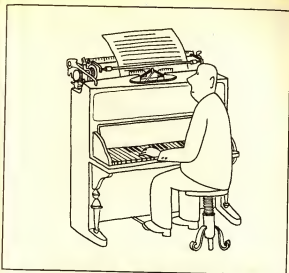
At present almost all children finish the eight-year school. Then they are in a dilemma: whether to continue at the same school and finish ten years there, getting a complete secondary education, or to enter a specialised secondary school, or a vocational school, or to go to work. Ten-year schools and technical schools give students a complete secondary education and the right to go on to university or college, while vocational schools teach them a trade but do not give the School Certificate which makes them eligible to study at a higher institute. This explains why the majority (80 per cent or more) of boys and girls prefer

to go on studying at general schools or technical schools.

Material standards of the average Soviet family have risen considerably in recent years. And naturally the parents want to give their children at least a complete secondary education. Even families who have been workers for generations do not want their children to enter vocational schools. Most pupils in these schools are orphans, children of unmarried mothers and backward pupils transferred from ordinary schools. Reinforcement of the working class with such a negligible intake of youngsters is an abnormal phenomenon both socially and politically and is fraught with undesirable consequences for society.

It is quite evident that the present system of public education, which, when introduced, ensured technological progress, is now behind the times; vocational training does not meet the requirements of modern production and it will become increasingly inadequate as time goes on. Vocational schools must not only teach boys and girls a trade but also give a School Certificate enabling them to go on to college or university if they wish.

Experience so far has been fruitful. More than 100 vocational schools now combine industrial training with general secondary education for School Certificate. Just one school of this kind in Leningrad has trained about 1,500 turners, fitters and milling-machine operators in the last six years. And its pupils are in far greater demand than workers trained at ordinary vocational schools.



DRIVERLESS LORRY

Moscow Automobile and Road Transport Institute has tested a driverless lorry controlled by devices programmed to follow a route "written" on the road by means such as radioactive isotopes, ferro-magnetic materials and contrasting colour-strips.

Best results have come from using a guide cable along the centre or side of the road, charged with alternating current. This sends out signals which are picked up by the lorry through an electromagnetic receiver, which in turn controls the steering gear. Using this device the lorry keeps at a constant distance from the cable, and can also make sharp turns with maximum safety.

The automatic lorry is designed for test runs, dusty or very rough roads, for poor-visibility conditions, and for repetitive, closed-circuit work such as in quarries, road building or factory yards. It is intended also to use the new device in the far-eastern and far-northern regions of the USSR.

The tests so far have been carried out on tip-up lorries in quarries.

From the journal AVTOMOBILNY TRANSPORT



CACTUS ON MARS

With the aid of a powerful telescope, large dark spots have been observed on Mars. Astrobotanists of Kazakhstan are of the opinion that these dark areas on the planet are covered with plants resembling cactus.

This supposition is based upon a comparison of spectrophotometric analyses of cactus which grow in the most barren desert lands on earth and the spectrograms of sections of the surface of Mars.

The Kazakh astrobotanists hope to establish the principal differences in the spectra of wild and cultivated plant life. This, they believe, will provide a scientific basis for judging whether life exists on other planets.

From the weekly NEDELYA

REFLECTIONS WHILE FACING



Leonid Likhodeyev, a satirist popular in the USSR,

was born in Odessa in 1921.

He was in his second year at university when he became a front-line soldier. Initially he was seriously interested in writing poetry—his first book of verses came off the press in 1953. But he became increasingly drawn to satire, although he still writes verse, travel notes and plays.

Reflections While Facing a Red Traffic Light was published on his return from a trip to Poland. No doubt the piece was occasioned by thoughts of Moscow and memories of Russian pedestrians tripping across the road against red traffic lights.

by Leonid LIKHODEYEV

from LITERATURNAYA ROSSIYA

I stand on a corner in Warsaw, waiting for the traffic light to change from red to green, and thoughts engulf me.

Warsaw seems like a home from home, and you feel as though the people are not strangers at all. They seem to live their lives without caring too much about show. But there is one aspect of Warsaw life in which a certain degree of ostentation is not considered bad form.

It is cars.

All the cars in Warsaw are the fastest and most powerful in the world—irrespective of their actual speed or the number of horses tucked away under the bonnet. In fact, I would venture to say that Warsaw cars are quite striking literally, rather than figuratively.

It would be wrong to say that they have a supergloss finish or a super-chrome lustre. Far from it. Most are not given the spit-and-polish treatment, are not groomed

like racehorses. The casual, unpretentious style of living has left its imprint on them as well. You see cars minus wheel-caps, others could do with a good clean. It is not the package that counts, however, but the contents—in this case, speed and power.

The main thing is the take-off. For instance, you see a mini Trabant. It is saddled by an unusually nonchalant young man, who digs in his spurs—the Trabant seems to neigh and to rear, and then flies off into unfathomable distances.

I think such heights are attained by years of practice and by force of example from all the other cars. The midget Sirena is beginning to do tricks that were formerly the prerogative of the Fiat. A six-cylinder Fiat seems to be flying in mid-air even when parked. The bad example it sets is most unsettling. However, to some it is a science to be studied.

You may not know that with a car you can express not only the recklessness of a cowboy. You can also convey gentleness and boundless trust. Once I saw a pretty young thing gliding up to a café in her Moskvich. The engine purred. It was a date. A young man dashed to the car and slipped in beside her. She passed the reins to him and they were off, no doubt, to seventh heaven. . . .

In Warsaw, people drive their cars with verve and flair. The cars are not in the least shy of one another, though they do not disgrace themselves with smash-ups. All the different species of vehicles have one

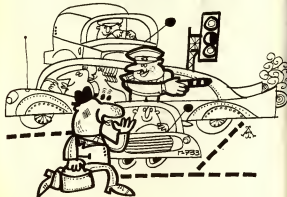
common denominator—speed. The type or model of car does not matter. Who knows why and for what sins the Devil presented one with a Renault, another a Moskvich, a third a Mercedes and someone else with a Fiat? It's how you drive that counts. Understand?

The whole of Warsaw is criss-crossed with dotted lines, arrows, zebras and traffic islands where pedestrians are often stranded, waiting while the chaos of cars surges to and fro, up and down, back and forth, with snorts of impatience and disappointed screeches of the brakes.

Relations between Warsaw car drivers and Warsaw pedestrians are severely practical: a car is entitled to spare parts, a pedestrian is not. So pedestrians do their best to emphasise this advantage of the car and always give one the right of way to the repair shop. What is more, the pedestrians are canny types. They have figured out that a funeral at the expense of the driver who ran you down is not so good as it may seem at first glance.

That is why pedestrians remain standing on the pavement, their eyes glued to the traffic light. They are experienced people. They won't be enticed by the yellow light. The only thing that can get a pedestrian to set foot on the roadway is a green light.

Any time of day or night, whether the traffic is thick or non-existent, you will always see pedestrians with eyes fixed on the traffic light. They wait patiently, cheerfully, and even carry on small talk as if nothing unusual were happening, as if this



is the way things should be, cars zipping along on the roads and pedestrians walking on the pavements.

Warsaw car drivers are the demon kings of the roads, and the courteous Warsaw traffic cops are under their spell. In fact, the cops do not even carry a traffic baton—instead, they have something that looks like a long-stemmed flower.

All the time I was in Warsaw, only once did I see a cop blow his whistle at a road bully. And he really was a bully. He made a U-turn at an intersection during a red light; that is, precisely at the moment when a respectable driver would be too embarrassed to break a traffic rule, when he would consider it unbecoming or tactless.

The road bully pulled up and gave the cop a very-nice-day-isn't-it smile. The cop shrugged his shoulders in astonishment and said, "Excuse me, sir. On the way to your wedding? You could wind up in the cemetery!"

"As you like, Mr. Inspector. Only not in jail," came the reply.

"But you do understand that you're on the way there if you drive this way?" queried the inspector.

"Oh, yes! Quite so!" exclaimed the bully, joyously.

"Your comprehension gladdens my heart," declared the cop significantly.

"Merci," said the bully with a sigh of relief.

The cop brought two fingers up to the peak of his cap in formal salute, and the road bully brought two fingers nonchalantly up to his greying temples. His car roared and

disappeared at break-neck speed.

Such living makes drivers virtuosos and pedestrians bulwarks of patience, even though in Warsaw there are many places to which pedestrians could hurry as well as drivers.

But what the law comes down on savagely in Poland is drunken driving. Such cases are rare, but just punishment is essential because to have such freedom of the roads, and to drink on top of it all, would be a little too much.

When I first arrived I thought



there was bitter antagonism between pedestrians and drivers. But after a few hours I understood there was none. With my own eyes I saw a driver stop his car, get out and give a pedestrian directions on how to get to his destination. And what was most surprising, the pedestrian did not utter a single curse at the driver. In fact, there is a fair number of entertaining conversations between drivers and pedestrians which do not warrant police interference.



No, there is absolutely no antagonism. But there is something else altogether different: a sense of personal responsibility. It is not the police who see that an able-bodied, adult pedestrian does not pull off some antic typical of a two-year-old; it is up to the able-bodied, adult pedestrian himself to stay out of trouble. And the police step into the picture only when the above-mentioned individual regresses into childhood and loses self-control.

An adult is considered an adult because society relies on his wisdom, elementary independence and



responsibility to himself. Or, in other words, he is one who understands what a red light means.

The same goes for the car drivers, who in Warsaw are mainly adults. That is why drivers do not instruct pedestrians and pedestrians do not instruct drivers. And in general, no-one teaches anyone, because to teach a teacher is to spoil him.

And so, here I am, standing in front of a Warsaw traffic light and waiting. It is well into the night. There are very few cars. But to step into the street when the light is red is not done. Only unsophisticated provincials can allow themselves such a move.

The red light shines brightly and serenely. Screeching round the corner at strafing level comes a car. Centrifugal force seems to tear it loose from the asphalt.

The car is followed by a horse-drawn carriage in waltz rhythm. In the carriage are a young couple, holding hands, looking tenderly into each other's eyes. The twentieth century means of transport career by, and here we see the nineteenth century trotting past. True, the latter costs 50 zloty more, but what is 50 zloty when one can create an illusion?

But the light has finally turned green. I step into the street and head for the other side. I walk like a person for whom urban discipline is both pleasant and wise. I walk as a person who has almost earned a degree in the art of being a pedestrian.

I feel fine, just fine. . . .

ALEXANDER TVARDOVSKY'S POETRY



from his Autobiography



I was born in 1910, in the Smolensk Region, on the little farm of Stolpovo, as the tiny scrap of land acquired by my father was called.

In no sense was possession of that piece of land a thing to be envied. But for my father, who had worked for years as a blacksmith to earn enough to put down the deposit required by the bank, that land was precious, even sacred. And from the very first he taught us children to love and respect it.

My father was a literate man and even a well-read one by village standards. Books were no rarity in our house, and in the winter whole evenings were given over to reading aloud.

I started writing verses before I could properly read and write. There was no metre, no rhyme, nothing of

poetry at all, but I distinctly recall that I had a fervent desire, so passionate that my heart nearly burst, to achieve all that—metre, and rhyme, and music—a desire to give birth to them, and without delay: a feeling that still accompanies any new plan of mine.

In summer, 1925, I broke into print for the first time, with a verse called "My Cottage" in a Smolensk newspaper.

At the age of 18 I went to Smolensk where I entered a teachers' training college. I did a successful two years there, and then went on to the Moscow Institute of History, Philosophy and Literature.

That period was perhaps the most decisive and significant of my literary career. Those were the years when the countryside was in the throes of a great reorganisation based on the principles of collectivisation. Everything that was taking place on the farms at that time affected me extremely closely—in everyday life and in the social, moral and ethical sense.

Tearing myself away from my books and my studies, I travelled out to collective farms as correspondent of regional newspapers and fervently hunted out all that made up the newly developing way of life in the countryside.

After each trip I noted down for my own reference what new things I had discovered in the complex process of establishing collective farm life. All this constituted the theme of my poem *The Promised Land* in 1936, which won the approval of readers

and critics. I count that poem as the real start of my literary career.

My principal literary work during the Second World War was *Vasilii Tyorkin* ("Book about a Fighter"). Whatever the intrinsic literary worth of this poem, it gave me real happiness to know that my work was of some use. *Tyorkin* was my lyric, my pamphlet, it was my song and my sermon, my anecdote, my story-teller's fancy, my heart-to-heart talk, my dialogue with an event.

At about the time I wrote *Vasilii Tyorkin* and my verses *Front-Line Chronicle*, I started on my *House by the Road*, which was not finished until after the war. Its theme was war, but from the other side—from the point of view of home and family, of the wife and children of a soldier and how they went through the war.

Always, side by side with my verses, I wrote prose—Press reports, feature and other articles, and stories. In my thoughts and my plans for the future, prose had always occupied a more extensive position.

Whereas I knew the Smolensk Region and gained some happy and priceless memories from it simply because my mother and father lived there, I myself made the acquaintance of Siberia, with its austere and magnificent beauty and fabulous prospects, when I came to maturity. This new link with "distant lands" had a direct effect on my main work of the fifties, *Space Beyond Space*.

Since the mid-fifties I have devoted a considerable part of my working time to editing the magazine *Novy Mir* (New World).

Death and the Soldier

from the poem VASILY TYORKIN

From beyond a distant summit
Came the battle's din and glow,
But our friend Vasilii Tyorkin
Lay alone upon the snow.

And the snow was stained with scarlet
Where the wounded hero lay.
Death came stealing like a harlot:
"Come on, soldier, come away.

It is time that you were going—
Let me lead you through the gale,
Blizzard blowing, blizzard blowing,
Blowing snow across our trail."

Tyorkin started as he lay there,
Scarcely breathing in the snow:
"Who invited you, you hussy?
I'm alive. I will not go."

Death detected some misgiving:
"It's no matter how you strive—
You cannot be counted living
Just because you are alive.

I have touched you with my shadow;
Even now you are too weak
To be conscious that the snowflakes
Lie unmelting on your cheek.

Do not fear the dark before you—
Night is just as good as day."
"That's all right, but what, you whore, you,
Would you like to have me say?"

This remark, so unexpected,
Disconcerted her a bit:

"What I'm asking," Death reflected,
"Is a trifle, you'll admit.

Just a sign that you are willing
To submit to my demands,
That you're sick and tired of living—"
"In a word, throw up my hands?"
Death considered, drawing nearer:
"Well, why not? I'll take the blame."
"Nothing doing, life is dearer."
"Silly boy, it's all the same.
If you want it or you don't,
All the same your hands are blue,
All the same your sight is failing,
Lips are paling."

"Go away!"

"See how quickly night is falling,
Why prolong your misery?
If you're wise you'll heed my calling—
Get it over—come with me."

"I will stay."

"Don't be foolish—you are freezing.
You will not survive the storm.
Let me wrap you in my blanket
And forever keep you warm.
You believe me. You are crying.
Your submission makes me bold . . ."

"Don't you trap me with your lying!
I am crying from the cold!"

"Tears of joy and tears of pain—
All the same! On the plain
Night is swiftly drawing near;
They will never find you here.
And even if they found you,
Would your happiness increase?
Once again your cares would hound you—
Better lie and die in peace."
"You are trying to ensnare me."
Tyorkin's jaw was firmly set.
"I must live. You cannot scare me.
I have hardly lived as yet."

"If you live—what then? What of it?"
 She was bending to his ear.
 "If you do—you think you'll love it?
 Love the cold, the dirt, the fear?
 Life is not a bed of roses,
 Think of everything once more—"
 "Think of what? It's all familiar.
 You forget that this is war."

"Once again you'll have the worry
 About homefolks, about home—"
 "That's the reason I must hurry—
 Kill off Fritzes and get home."

"Home. Perhaps. If home were waiting—
 If your home were still intact—
 But except for bricks and grating,
 All is ashes—that's a fact—
 All in ruins—"

"I can build it,
 I know how, and I am strong."
 "The land is wasted."
 "Once I tilled it."
 "Pipes are twisted."
 "Not for long."

'Jack of all trades'—so they called me.
 Once I'm back, I'll mend the harm."
 "You will—unless—don't stop me—
 You will, unless you lose an arm,
 Or in general are disabled—"

Tyorkin drew a sudden breath.
 Was there nothing that enabled
 Man to triumph over Death?
 He was ready for submission,
 Worn and weary, night at hand—
 "Listen, Death, on one condition,
 I'll transfer to your command."

And the boy, where he lay bleeding,
 So alone, so young, so weak,
 Started quietly to speak,
 In a tone of earnest pleading:

"I'm no better than the others,
 I can die as well as they,
 But when all the fighting's over,
 Will you free me for a day?
 So that I may be in Moscow
 For the victory salute?
 So that I may hear the salvo
 That the Moscow guns will shoot?"

"While the rockets still are flaring,
 May I hurry home to see
 How the village folks are faring?
 They will be expecting me.
 And when friends come out to meet me
 At some old familiar spot,
 May I answer those who greet me
 With a word?"
 "You may not."

Tyorkin shuddered as he lay there,
 Yet some strength seemed to revive.
 "Get away from me and stay there,
 I'm a soldier still alive!
 I will yell until I'm blue,
 I may perish on this hill,
 But I'll never yield to you
 Of my own free will!"

"Take it easy. By succumbing
 You will only prove the rule—"
 "Stop! They're searching! Someone's coming!
 It's the medics!"
 "Where, you fool?"
 "There!" His eyes were shining.

Death went weak with laughter then:
 "That's the squad that comes to bury!"
 "Just the same, they're living men!"

One came over, then another,
 With a crowbar and a spade.
 "Here's another stiff to cover.
 We won't finish, I'm afraid."

"Let's sit down on this cadaver,
 All my bones, I think, are broke."
 "If we can't fill up our bellies,
 We at least can have a smoke."
 "How'd you like a sup of something—
 Cabbage soup with cream on top?"
 "How'd you like a sip of something?"
 "I'd be willing—just a drop."
 "Maybe two—"

Suddenly they seemed to hear
 Someone say, just audibly:
 "Drive this jade away from here!
 I'm alive, as you can see."

Up they jumped from off Vasili,
 Had a look—alive all right!
 "Can you beat it?"
 "Now we really
 Must get back before the night."

"Just to think of him surviving!
 Quite a marvel, on the whole!
 Not so strange to find a body,
 But a body with a soul!"

"Once his soul is whole—come on!
 Got to give the guy a band.
 We had almost passed him on
 To the Ministry of Land."
 "Get your spade without delaying.
 He is frozen to the spot.
 Chop his coat off . . ."

Death was saying:
 "I will follow. Like as not
 They will jerk him or will drop him,
 And I'll have him back again.
 Some new accident may stop him
 From escaping with those men."

Both their spades and both their belts—
 Both their coats laid end to end—

"Come on, soldier, lift the soldier."
 "Off we go! Have patience, friend."
 Slowly, carefully they bore him,
 Trying hard to ease the ride.
 He looked happily before him;
 Death kept trailing at the side.

What a road they had to cover!
 Ruts and rocks and drifts of snow—
 "Why not rest a little, brothers?"
 "That's all right. We'd better go.
 Night is coming. Don't you bother
 About us," a soldier said.
 "You can bet we'd ten times rather
 Lug a live one, than a dead."
 And the other said: "That's right.
 And besides, it's understood,
 That a live one must keep going,
 While a dead one's home for good."

Now it seemed the wind was easing;
 Less relentless grew the storm.
 "Lost your gloves? Your hands are freezing.
 Here, take mine, they're nice and warm."

As she listened, Death kept thinking:
 "What a friendly lot they are!"
 All her hopes were quickly sinking:
 "There's no sense in going far.
 I can see they'll never let him
 Go away with me today.
 It's a pity not to get him—"
 And she sighed and turned away.

Translated by Margaret Weston

Dedicated to Mothers

From beginning to end it's goodbye,
 We say them to mothers in sequence—
 In our childhood you cannot deny
 We treated the first with nonchalance.

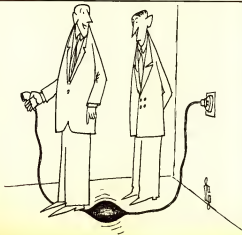
Kind hands packed our cases for camp,
While we stood at the door in a sweat
That something would happen to cramp
Our going, although it was set.

Then the parting "for good" came along,
The one mothers dread quite the most:
Of our "filial" bent right or wrong
We were quick to advise them by post!

And we sent them some snapshots of who
The girls were they'd not met before,
So big-hearted, permitted them too
Their strange new in-laws to adore.

After brides—of course grandchildren small . . .
Then a wire falls out of the blue,
You go back: the last parting of all
Between Gran, dear old Mum . . . yes, and you.

Translated by Gladys Evans



AN AXIOM THAT FAILED

Because the gas we know in English as nitrogen does not support combustion or breathing, the great French chemist Lavoisier gave it the name "azote" (from the Greek "azoo"—"lifeless") in 1787. On the assumption that it was an asphyxiating agent, the Germans called nitrogen "Stickstoff". The English name, taken from the Latin "nitrogenium", meaning "producer of saltpetre", represents a bridge between life and death, because saltpetre (potassium nitrate) is a first-class fertiliser. With carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, nitrogen is one of the four basic elements of all living matter from amoeba to man.

The textbooks claim that most plants and animals assimilate nitrogen only in the form of compounds (in their food), and not in the free state, out of the air. Now this universally accepted view has been overturned by two Soviet scientists, Dr. Mikhail Volsky and Dr. Fyodor Turchin.



Professor
Fyodor Turchin,
who exploded
a bombshell
with his ideas
about how
plants take in
nitrogen

MANNA FOR PLANTS

They all get nitrogen direct from the air

by Yulian
MEDVEDYEV



condensed
from the magazine
ZNAMYA

"The entire history of Western European agriculture reveals that the principal condition determining average crop yield in different epochs has been the extent to which the crops have been provided with nitrogen."

That assessment of the role of this vital substance was given by Dmitri Pryanishnikov, an eminent Soviet agricultural chemist. Another Soviet scientist in this field, Dr. Fyodor Turchin, conducted some highly original research which opened up prospects of dispensing with nitrogenous fertilisers and thus saving tremendous expense and effort.

So far, however, the idea remains in the realm of semi-fantasy.

Cultivated fields throughout the world are fertilised with nitrogenous substances, either mineral or organic,

because it is believed that all plants except legumes are incapable of assimilating gaseous nitrogen from the air. Dr Turchin also believed this, and did not suspect that one day he would explode some of his own scientific convictions.

His published results of investigations have indeed challenged views which appeared to have been confirmed by practical experience throughout the world, as well as by his own earlier investigations.

His report claiming that almost all plants are capable of taking nitrogen from the air was like a bombshell when it appeared in *Proceedings of the USSR Academy of Sciences*.

It was the nineteenth-century French chemist and agronomist Jean-Baptiste Boussingault who, noticing in Peru that the sun-scorched, arid soil yielded rich maize crops, established that nitrogen was needed as a soil fertiliser. The fertility of the Peruvian soil, he found, came from the application of only small amounts of bird droppings, called "guano", which was gathered and spread by the farmers. Guano was found to be almost pure saltpetre.

Experiments led Boussingault to conclude that it was the soil alone that fed plants with nitrogen, but a German chemist, Justus Liebig, voiced dissent, claiming that plants also extracted nitrogen from the air. His objection was not supported by experiments. Nevertheless, he called on farmers to feed only phosphorus and potassium to their fields, explaining that nitrogen could easily be obtained from the air, which had an

abundance of it.

His recipe, alas, was a failure. Crop yields did not increase, and the farmers felt they had been deceived; so much so that they began to call Liebig "Big Lie"! If only the chemist had known that his rejected idea would germinate a century later long after his death—and in Russia, at that.

Boussingault himself was not quite satisfied, although he had won the dispute. It was the behaviour of leguminous plants such as peas, alfalfa and clover that made him feel uneasy. If the soil was the only source of nitrogen, he reasoned, why was it that after the legumes had been harvested, the soil remained as rich as ever in nitrogen, or even became richer? Perhaps Liebig was right in some way?

Everything began to fall into place as a result of a discovery made at the close of the nineteenth century. It appeared that multitudes of bacteria nestle in the root nodules of leguminous plants, assimilate nitrogen straight from the air, and pass it on to the plants. But legumes were an exception to the rule—most plants, it was found, consumed only soil nitrogen, as Boussingault had claimed.

These conclusions, of course, were made more specific later, but basically they remained unchallenged.

Then a sceptic decided to test what was universally thought to be a truth. Recalling the Boussingault-Liebig dispute, Dr. Turchin sought the aid of nuclear physics.

In the pre-nuclear age, research

workers had no means of distinguishing absorption of atmospheric nitrogen and soil nitrogen by plants.

In experiments supervised by Dr. Turchin at Dolgoprudnaya, near Moscow, atmospheric nitrogen fed to a plant was "tagged" with radioactive isotopes. Within ten minutes it had penetrated the plant's cell sap, and at the same time no nitrogen was detected either in the nodule bacteria or in the root tissue. It simply could not have penetrated there within ten minutes. That meant it had been assimilated without the help of nodule bacteria and the root.

Many experiments have revealed that leguminous plants are, in fact, capable of taking in nitrogen direct from the atmosphere without help from the root. The "lifeless" gas is absorbed by stems and leaves, in which enzymes—the catalysts of biological processes—immediately subject the nitrogen to chemical changes, making it part of the tissue substances.

What amazed scientists still more was the discovery of similar catalysts in the tissues of non-leguminous plants, including wheat and other cereals.

Dr. Turchin has confirmed Liebig's surmise. Now the question is: what about Liebig's practical advice to farmers?

The fascinating prospect now opening up is that sooner or later farmers will be able to give up using nitrogenous fertilisers, millions of tons of which are produced annually.

Of course, no-one is foolhardy

enough to predict when that may become possible, or to venture to give practical advice as to what should be done instead, as Liebig did in his day. For one thing, the nitrogen absorbed by a plant from the air is insufficient for it. However, the way to achieve the aim has been charted.

Very likely, stimulants will be found, which, when introduced in small amounts into the soil, will activate the enzymes forming a chemical link between the atmospheric nitrogen and the plant, without the aid of bacteria.

An alternative is the artificial development of supplementary nitrogen-fixing substances to be introduced, also through the soil, into the plant tissue. Attempts to synthesise such substances are already under way at the Institute of Natural Compounds of the USSR Academy of Sciences.

Complete abandonment of nitrogenous fertilisers is the long-range programme. More realistic is the short-range programme for raising yields and nutritive value of crops. But whatever the practical applications of the discovery may be, its theoretical importance can hardly be exaggerated; it means that biologists must revise notions which have prevailed for a whole century since Liebig's failure.

Dr. Turchin died in 1967, but his work has its disciples both in the Soviet Union and abroad, including Dr. Wilson in the USA and Dr. Burcherson in Australia, to mention only two.



Professor Mikhail Volsky, expert on strength of materials, who overturned a pet theory of the agricultural scientists.

AND ANIMALS, TOO— AN OUTSTANDING DISCOVERY

by Alexander
LAZEBNIKOV



condensed from
the newspaper
SOVIETSKAYA
ROSSIYA

On September 10, 1968, the Soviet Government Committee for Inventions and Discoveries registered a discovery by Dr. Mikhail Volsky. It was worded: "A hitherto unknown ability of animals and higher plants to assimilate atmospheric nitrogen needed for their normal vital functions has been established."

It was in 1946 that Dr. Volsky first began to doubt that nitrogen, which comprises 78 per cent of the earth's atmosphere, possessed merely the passive function of diluting oxygen. It was thought that only microorganisms, and not the more complex forms of life, were capable of

assimilating free nitrogen—that was an axiom. Taking the risk of being thought eccentric, Dr. Volsky decided to challenge the axiom.

He was not a young man, and not even a biologist. He was, in fact, head of the Strength of Materials Department at the Gorky Institute of Water Transport Engineers, so he was beginning to study something entirely new to him, and, moreover, without being able to count much on support from biologists, who regarded him as an intruder in their domain.

There were a few, however, who had a different approach. Dr. L. V. Polezhayev, for instance, declared firmly that in the not-so-distant future Dr. Volsky's discovery would be cited in the textbooks. He based his judgment on the results of strictly scientific experiments which Dr. Volsky carried out in 1950-51 in a special laboratory at the Lobachevsky University, Gorky.

Dr. Volsky's techniques revealed the simplicity of genius. He divided a batch of hen's eggs into two equal parts, hatching one lot in an incubator and keeping the others cold. Then he measured the amounts of nitrogen in the chicks and in the non-incubated eggs, finding that the chicks had three to ten per cent more nitrogen than the eggs.

The yolk and white of a hen's egg contain everything needed for the development of the embryo. As the developing chicks received no additional food that could add the extra nitrogen, it could come only by absorption from the surrounding air

through the porous egg shells. It was thus shown that animals assimilate gaseous nitrogen, which they apparently need.

That was proved by thousands of experiments with the eggs of pigeons, hens and quail, with white mice and the pupae of bees. Dr. Volsky's amazing results were confirmed at Moscow and Ufa Universities and other research centres, and the discovery drew appreciative comment from Dr. Nikolai Semyonov, a Nobel Prize winner. A report on it was published in *Proceedings of the USSR Academy of Sciences* in 1959.

Dr. Giovanni Costa, of the Oncology Institute, New York, carried out similar experiments, with just as sensational results, in 1962. Dr. Costa communicated his findings to the USSR Academy of Sciences and to Dr. Volsky personally.

In 1964 Dr. Volsky completed a thesis to add a doctorate in biology to the similar degree he already held in engineering sciences.

In one of the interesting experiments conducted in developing Dr. Volsky's ideas, some animals were placed in an artificial atmosphere in which all the nitrogen was replaced by the inert gas helium, which never reacts with any other chemical substance. This property makes it harmless and useless to an organism.

As a result, the animals' blood composition changed abruptly, with a drop in haemoglobin content. This showed that nitrogen was not mere ballast; nor was it a mere diluting agent of oxygen, such as might be replaced by any other. It was a

biologically active component of the atmosphere.

This research has considerable interest for biologists, specifically for those striving to ensure normal life processes for astronauts and explorers of the ocean floor.

In an interview with a *Pravda* reporter, Dr. Vladimir Stoletov, Minister for Higher and Specialised Secondary Education of the USSR, and himself a biologist, said that Dr. Volsky's experiments had yielded unexpected results, and the explanation given them had been even more unexpected. At first few scientists found themselves able to agree with Dr. Volsky's assumption, but further experiments invariably supported the bold hypothesis. In this way an outstanding discovery had been made.

Dr. Stoletov said he assumed that the most important direction of research arising from the discovery was likely to be research into the biological mechanism of assimilation by living organisms of the molecular nitrogen of the atmosphere.

On this score, the discoverer had

suggested a series of hypotheses resting on a wide range of scientific data concerning the properties of blood and chlorophyll*, the action of atmospheric ions on plants and animals, the part micro-elements play in vital processes, and the role of the "micro-population"—microbes and viruses—in higher animals and plants. Each of Dr. Volsky's hypotheses needed thorough testing.

For a long time, after he had begun the work that led to this discovery, Dr. Volsky had been putting all his personal savings into the experiments. This selfless effort had been marked and readily supported, so that today Dr. Volsky was the head of a rather good laboratory with first-class equipment.

Dr. Stoletov said the Ministry intended to improve conditions of work by providing the laboratory with additional equipment, and by expanding its staff and training facilities.

*Chlorophyll is the colouring matter of green plants. It is also the agent that "digests" the plants' gaseous food, carbon dioxide from the air.



LACK OF THE LINGO MEANS . . . DEATH!

from the magazine MOSKVA

"Beware!" she screeched.

But the foolish little coypu sat without a care on the shore of the lake, washing itself and paying not the slightest attention to the frantic warnings of the magpie. This cost the little South American animal its life.

"And I realised then," the hunter said, "that the coypu did not understand Russian."

* * *

More than once, walking in a forest, you must have unconsciously slowed your steps to listen to the twitterings and chattering of birds. Yet you probably never stopped to think that all those arias and choruses might not be as carefree and aimless as they sound.

Birds send signals of alarm and warnings to the inhabitants of the forest. A man is coming! And immediately every living creature takes precautionary measures.

This is one of the manifestations of "biocoenosis", co-existence, the "mutual aid" existing in the forest.

In the 1930s more than a thousand large coypu—an aquatic rodent something like a beaver or otter, whose fur makes fine nutria coats—were imported in to the Soviet Union from South America. In their natural environment they live in tropical

lakes and lagoons overgrown with thick vegetation, on which they feed.

It proved extremely difficult to acclimatise these valuable fur-bearing rodents to the southern districts of our country.

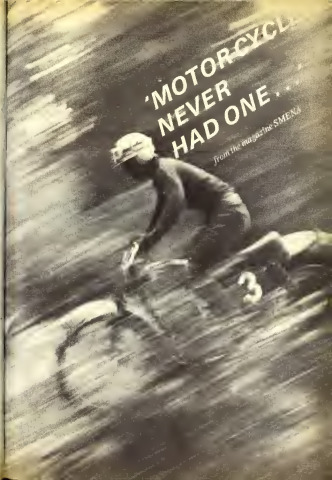
The coypu's major enemies include jackals, wolves and wildcats. Soon they were destroying the little immigrants in wholesale fashion. This posed a difficult problem; one which has yet to be solved.

Wild beasts preyed on the coypu in South America too, but there they survived. Why were they so defenceless here?

A hunter discovered the answer one day when he chanced to come across a jackal stalking a coypu. The jackal approached with great stealth and caution, but was spotted by a magpie, which immediately began hysterically to screech and chatter her warnings. The coypu paid no attention, and was soon caught.

The hunter concluded that the coypu didn't understand the "Russian" language of our feathered friends, because they have different species of birds in South America.

On the other hand, animals that have been imported from North America react quickly to the "danger signals" of our birds, because the same species of birds live in the forests of the United States and Canada.





One of the most interesting events of the regular USSR motor-cycling championships is the cross-country race—usually a highly exciting, suspense-packed contest. The last time it was held, particularly stiff competition developed on a stretch of sand. World champion, Victor ARBEKOV, who was one of the contestants, talks about it in an interview given to Smena correspondent, Boris SMIRNOV.

Smirnov: *I understand it was a gruelling contest. What can you tell us about it?*

Arbekov: To begin with, I was only the runner-up on that sandy stretch. Afterwards, when the judges added up the overall points, I was once again national title-holder in the 250cc. motor-cycle class. But I certainly did not shine on that strip.

It runs along the very edge of the Caspian Sea near Sumgait, at the base of the Apsheron Peninsula north-west of Baku. Such stretches of sand often form part of the course in international contests, and that was why this course was chosen for the national championship. Racing across sand is a very tough proposition in general.

After the first lap, the course is full of pot-holes, and your wheels sink when you attempt a curve. You have to use special techniques, such as straightening up your back

as often as you can, and riding the back wheel with the front one clear off the ground. Your arms, legs and back get cramped from the great physical strain. A racer has to be in excellent shape to compete on sand.

What actually happened to you on that stretch?

In the morning before the race we all took a walk along the course. Everyone ran the race over in his mind and made tactical plans. Although the course was the same for everyone, each of us chose his own invisible track.

You take ten racers and have them make the same curve: each one will do it differently.

At one place along the Sumgait sands I spotted three bumps in a row, like a wave. I decided I'd take them in one long jump. As it happened, I miscalculated and tumbled on the third bump. I lost seconds picking up myself and the machine, and getting going again. As a result I came in second.

Well, that's part of a race—you think out something, try it, and sometimes you fail. There's no real competition without that.

*World motor-cycling
championship,
Moscow, 1965*

What does a racer feel during a contest?

I can tell you about myself. I get very tense just before the start. For me it's the tensest moment. It's been like that for years, and it happens each time.

I do not feel myself—I become gloomy and unsociable. But the moment the starter raises his flag and the race gets under way, all tension goes.

I always try to get out of the cloud of dust and exhaust fumes at once, and lead the race. In the lead you get the course fresh and unspoilt. You can choose and use your tactics freely. And winning a race is largely a matter of tactics and ability to apply them.

In a cross-country race the average speed is none too great. On the Sumgait sands it was about 26 m.p.h. But the course itself was very slippery, and tough all round.

Frankly, I don't like racing on sand. I know it's unavoidable, and even does a racer some good, especially at the beginning of the season when he wants to get back in shape. I suppose I just don't like sand—that is, I don't like it in my teeth, under my goggles and in my gloves.

If you follow someone, you get sand-sprayed from head to toe. Yet I wouldn't rejoice if races on sand were for some reason abolished.

How did you come to be a racer?

Motor-cycling is very popular where I come from—the town of Podolsk, near Moscow. With the other boys I used to watch all the

races there whenever I got the chance.

I rode a motor-cycle for the first time when I was nine—a neighbour of ours let me have a go on his. When I was 14 I began training at the local motor club under coach Yuri Komarov.

When I was called up for military service, I continued training at the Army Central Sports Club, and was in the club's racing team. Later I was included in the USSR national team.

Some people believe motor-cycling to be a dangerous sport. Do you agree?

Not at all. Sometimes racers have falls. But serious injuries are very rare. Ability to take great risks is not the best of assets in a racer. It's pre-calculation and precision that count. Risks as a rule do not pay off.

When did you last have an injury?

Let's see. It was last autumn. I sprained an ankle playing football.

Do you drive a motor-cycle outside training sessions and contests?

No, I don't. In fact, I never owned a motor-cycle in my life. The reason is that I don't like riding one in city traffic. Still less do I approve of motor-cyclists who try racing city transport. The way I look at it, if you like speed, go in for motor-racing as a sport. It's safer and you'll get more satisfaction out of it.

What's it like being world champion?

I lead a quiet life. Very few people know I'm a racer, and if the subject of sport comes up I always talk about draughts.



BEACONS WILL NOT FAIL YOU

by Yuri POPOV and Victor SMIRNOV
from the magazine ISKATEL (Seeker)

The fighter zooms skywards.

Suddenly something goes wrong and the plane gets out of control. The clouds, flat and tranquil beneath the wings a moment before, emerge aslant on the right. The plane goes into a nose dive.

Ivan Kunitsyn, the pilot, tries to regain control of his rebellious machine. "Steady," he says to self. "Steady. Watch the instrument panel."

Now pull back the stick to stop stalling. There's a response.

He feels a sharp jolt. His vision is blurred, his back seems to be gripped in a vice, his body is like lead.

The fighter climbs steeply. The engine is giving everything it's got. But gradually there is a slackening in speed. So far, the plane is still rising, but in a moment—it will go into a spin, shooting earthwards like lightning. In seconds, the ejector seat will be useless.

But he'll try to save the machine. Stalling must be stopped somehow; he mustn't go into a spin again.

But it is futile. The earth rises to meet him. "Bale out!" comes the order from the command post.

The instruments register spin. The clouds heave and whirl. Altitude is 9,000 metres; a hundred-metre drop, another, still another. . . .

Low altitudes are no good for ejector seats. Five or six seconds more, then it will be too late.

He radios to the command post and catapults out. In a few minutes a search plane takes off, flying low over the sea.

After a while a helicopter takes over.

Meanwhile Kunitsyn splashes down, plunging in head-first, but bobs up like a cork in his Mae West. The inflatable dinghy dances on the waves, safely fastened to his belt. He wonders when he could have pulled the string to release the compressed air into it.

Adrift in his wash-tub

He steadies the boat with his chin, clutches the straps and heaves himself in with a quick movement. Fur-lined jacket, warm trousers, boots, tunic, woollen underwear are all soaked. Water has even penetrated his flying helmet.

He crouches in his dinghy. What a boat! Just a wash-tub. No room to stretch his legs. The bloated orange sides rise only slightly above the surface. It is a refuge, though. Not exactly a spacious residence with all mod. con., but a refuge all the same.

Where's the parachute? It should

stay afloat for several minutes. There in the knapsack fixed to it are night and day flares, a pistol to shoot them, waterproof matches, electric torches, first-aid kit, chocolate.

The waves are smallish, white-capped. The sky is overcast; it is drizzling unpleasantly.

No sign of the parachute. Has it sunk? Or have the waves and the wind borne it off into the gloom? Ivan rows with his hands, helped by the wind. A minute passes, another. . . . Ivan peers into the darkness, searching for the bright orange of his 'chute. No luck.

It must have sunk. So the knapsack's gone, too. All right, give it up as a bad job. He'll get by without the chocolate and the first-aid kit. But he could have done with the flares and the matches.

The waves toss the boat from side to side, obeying their own laws. Suddenly a big wave appears, marshals its forces, slaps the side of the boat and sweeps in. Kunitsyn is waist-deep in water.

He has a sudden sense of being chilled to the marrow.

Kunitsyn bails water out with his hands. He gets rid of half of it and turns round to settle himself more comfortably. The boat dips slightly and another wave rushes in.

He is drenched and shivering. His hands are red with water and wind. His gloves have gone.

Remember, keep on the move until help comes. Not a second's respite.

His Mae West is tight against his chest, hampering movement. Numb fingers struggle with the clasps. The

straps are water-swollen. At last he gets it off and puts it on the side of the boat. No room for it inside.

Night closes in.

He slaps himself across the face. Once. Twice. His cheek feels pain, but his palm doesn't seem to belong to him. It is numb, wooden.

Drowsiness overpowers him. The waves and wind beside, the sea is not so noisy. It is pitch dark. No stars, no lights shining out over the water. What hopes of being found? But he's confident they're looking for him. "Stick it out for just one night," he repeats to himself.

Life-jacket gone

The ear gets accustomed to the murmur of waves, accepts it as silence. A silence that is broken by a faint splash. A fish, perhaps. He fumbles around the side. The Mae West has gone! He's wide awake. If anything happens to the boat, that life-jacket is his only hope.

He rows around in circles, groping unavailingly for the life-jacket.

Oh well, the boat is safe and he can move on. The endless hours of the night are still ahead.

He must row and row—as long as he has a drop of warm blood left in him.

The worst thing of all is not to know. Not to know whether the shore is ahead, or the open sea. Or if the wind has changed. Or if he is simply moving in circles.

A twinkling star appears, low over the waves. It's ahead of him and a little to the left, a pencil of light.

A beacon! No doubt about it.

The shore must be near.

He rows steadily, trying not to give way to overwhelming joy. Now that safety is within reach, he must take his time, think out each move, husband his strength so that it will not fail him halfway.

The tide and the waves gradually carry the boat to the shore. There are rocks everywhere; by some miracle they have not yet slit the rubber. A few more bobs on the waves, and the side of the boat is rubbing against rock. His palm touches steep granite, polished smooth by the sea.

It must be the steepest point on the shore of what seems to be a desert island.

Ivan pushes the boat clear of the wall of rock and begins to row. But the powerful tide tosses it back towards the wet, mossy rock.

In his impatience he breaks an iron rule well known to seamen: never stand in on the windward side. He yields to the temptation, anxious for warmth. And now the island, his only hope, has become a trap.

The boat rubs its rounded sides against the rocks. The rubber can't last for more than 20 minutes, and then the boat will collapse. The sea is deep here. The rock is almost sheer.

"Let's have another go," he mutters. "The last one." Somehow he pushes himself clear of the island. The boat moves back out to sea. Twice it capsizes; his hands are bleeding, hurt against the rocks; now it's fortunate that they no longer feel pain.

Kunitsyn rows for a calmish spot

where the murmur of waves is faint. The boat runs aground. He leans out and runs his hands under the bottom, and feels smooth pebbles. There's no doubt that he's in the shallows.

He is reluctant to part with the boat. He shoulders it and crawls up towards the beacon, which is like a mushroom. The light irritates his eyes, accustomed to darkness. The mushroom is not tall, nine feet or so.

First, a fire

Ivan drops the boat. He is tired out, and he so wants to lie down on this firm, safe ground and doze off, if only for a moment. The dawn is not far off now.

He clutches at the beacon and rises to his feet. His legs support him, surprisingly.

He takes a step. His legs move, his feet are heavy and flat, as though encased in the lead shoes of a diver. Another step. . . .

Now he'll build a fire, take off his things, dry them, warm up his shivering body.

Kunitsyn crawls around the firmly embedded tower, gathering chips of wood.

Lying around are bent strips of herring barrels. They are damp. But that's no trouble for a good fisherman and hunter. There have been times when he has lit a fire in the rain with just one match. He shaves away at the wood with his knife and meticulously builds a fire.

Now he wants a small, hot tongue of flame to ignite the wood. When the fire is big enough, he will throw in

the dampest chips. The smoke will serve as a signal.

He goes inside the beacon, a small one. An acetylene burner protected by convex lenses hangs overhead, flashing every three seconds. It is possible to reach the burner by clutching at some metalwork and pulling himself up. But the burner is protected by an iron hood. There is a catch on the hood, secured with bolt and nut.

The nut must be knocked off. Here in a closed space he distinctly hears his hoarse, gasping breath. It's convulsive—lack of oxygen, perhaps.

He knocks the nut on the head with his pistol butt. Again and again. It does not yield: it is rusty; the humid, salt air here is ruinous.

Kunitsyn is exhausted and dizzy. He slips and sinks on to the cement floor.

He is very thirsty. . . .

Again he tries to knock off the nut; he hammers at it steadily, like an automaton, and the metal fails at long last.

The hood is thrown back. The flame is unprotected. He reaches for it, pencil in hand. The flame burns his fingers. At last! What sweet pain!

The pencil merely smoulders. He must keep it in the flame a bit longer. It wouldn't be a bad idea to press the porcelain tips of the burner slightly apart, to make more room for the flame.

He believes he is being very careful.

A swollen finger touches the flame. It goes out with a splutter.

Ivan collapses on to the floor in

despair. Without a fire he is lost.

But he has forgotten about his pistol. The flash alone will not light a fire; but primed with acetylene maybe it can.

Isn't that a way out? Hope springs again. But how many cartridges are there?

The cartridge clip will not spring from the battered, disfigured butt. He keeps pulling the lock. Four cartridges lie on the floor.

He pockets one of them. That's for an emergency. The last bullet.

All for a flame

The acetylene is still spitting forth in the beacon. He must fire blank cartridges to get more flame to spout from the barrel of his pistol.

His clumsy fingers fail to grip the slippery bullet.

Then he draws the bullet out with his teeth. He steadies his trembling hand—not to spill the powder out of the cartridge case.

This is a really hard job. Breathing is difficult. He leans against the wall and takes a minute's rest. One minute is too little, but it's enough to let drowsiness creep in and envelop him.

The gun muzzle is all but pressed against the porcelain tips of the burner; the gas issues forth, hissing faintly.

Fire!

Smoke rises. The gas does not ignite.

Fire!

Fire!!

That's all.

The roar of an approaching engine jolts him out of his torpor. There is no mistake. The sound is so distinct through the fog that he can even tell the type of engine: it is the kind of diesel they used to install in army tanks. There is a launch nearby, it seems. It will emerge into view in an instant, going full speed, then back out and halt at the rocks.

Ivan struggles to his feet—it is painful.

The beat of the diesel trails off for quite a time and dies away. Fate has decided to tease him once again. He lies prostrate on the brink of the cliff, near the extinguished beacon.

He cannot force himself to get up. He cannot even raise his head. Drowsiness overcomes him.

Ivan wakes with a start, and his body is racked with convulsions, the kind of spasms, it seems, that pre-
sage the onset of death.

A nasty death.

No! He'll fire that bullet first. He fumbles in his pocket for the last cartridge.

No use. He can't last out.

Last message . . .

The cold is killing him. If he falls asleep he'll never rise again. With the charred pencil stamp he manages to scrawl on the door of the beacon: "Ivan Kunitsyn, Air Force pilot. Can't last till help comes. Cold killing me. Take care of my. . . ." He can hardly make out what he has written.

It is very difficult to start to live all over again. To force oneself to get

up, feeling agonising pain in every cell. Kunitsyn rises, falls, rises again. He clambers up to the burner somehow. The last cartridge, the last cartridge. . . .

Now move closer; you can't afford to miss. Perhaps the acetylene will blaze this time. Fire! It's futile. . .

Now, walk! Don't crawl. Your legs don't support you. Force them. Walk! Walk like a man. Sing a song. But your lips are frozen.

Now, sit down and try to get fire by friction, like the cavernmen. Rub two pieces of wood together.

A man who dreamed of becoming an astronaut is trying to obtain fire by friction.

It's no use. And it will be dark again in an hour. He throws away the pieces of wood.

Twilight is falling. The sky is hazy and gloomy. The night will be endless. Seventeen hours of darkness.

He won't live through a night on the island. He'll fall asleep, and that will be that.

He'll have to start rowing again. Set out in the night sea, abandon the island which gave him shelter, the dry land beneath his feet, entrust his life to that frail craft. No alternative. He can't sleep in the boat. And he's got through one night—he'll manage another. He'll make oars.

He has a knife; there is timber on the island; he will work, and the cold will not defeat him.

His clothes freeze; he cannot dry them against his body because it has lost its warmth. All he can do is work, work without stopping. He crawls to the water's edge and

remembers that he has forgotten to wipe out what he has written on the door of the beacon.

He is in the boat again, paddling away. Water is dripping from his flying helmet, blurring the view. He runs his palm over his face.

The oars are a great help. He'll move quicker now. He leaves the island behind. The beacon is still visible, but he won't look at it in the gathering gloom. The boat is full of icy water. He does not even try to bail it out: no use.

There is a sharp pain shooting through the stomach. He drops the oars into the boat, takes out the knife, opens it with his teeth and cuts off a bit of his waistbelt. Then he tries to chew it.

It is as good as chewing stone.

Darkness and fog. The boat seems to be pressing against a dense wall which yields under pressure and retreats step by step.

He fancies that all the space around him for countless miles is filled with this amorphous mass, that there is no shore anywhere and he is alone in the world.

On the island there was something definite. Solid ground. A sense of security.

Why not return?

But it's as hard to find the island as the shore. No, he won't go back.

From time to time Kunitsyn stretches his legs. They are still functioning.

He has been fully conscious again from the moment he fired that last shot inside the beacon. He must try to fight drowsiness and keep a clear

mind however hard, whatever the cost.

The main thing is not to get the miseries.

Suddenly he has cramp in the back. He keeps his knife open on his knees, to prick himself if the cramp does not stop.

Night drags on, endless. Ships silently appear and disappear.

Is he dreaming?

The sound of an engine overhead. A flying boat? But there are no flying boats in his outfit. The neighbours, perhaps.

Half an hour later he hears a helicopter bummung overhead. The sky is alive with sound. The search is going on.

He must take care of his legs. . . . His hands, blue and swollen, are still alive.

The thought of herring

An elder duck floats by, with a herring in its beak. Instinctively he draws out the pistol. The herring is big and fat and silvery.

The elder duck floats by, almost within reach, ignoring the boat. The shore or an island must be nearby. The elder duck definitely knows where to go. He must deviate a little to the left, in its wake.

The thought of herring tortures him for a long time. Towards evening it grows cold. A bright star appears in the west. Clouds and fog lift. A plane with multicoloured lights passes overhead.

A bright spot shoots sky-high on the horizon and disappears. It must be a flare. Is it real or a mirage?

A light pulsates in the dark. A beacon.

It must be the shore or another island.

Kunitsyn stops rowing and tries to stretch his legs. The body below the wrist is numb, as if paralysed.

There is a growing pain in his chest, as though somebody were ruthlessly squeezing his ribs, not allowing him to breathe. The back of his head aches. He is shivering all over. He clenches his teeth, so that he won't hear them chatter.

His legs no longer feel pain. The island is drawing near. But he won't be able to step ashore, because his legs won't carry him.

Try to stretch the left one first. Make your leg obey you by sheer willpower.

Now use your hands, as hard as you can!

Watch the beacon

His feeble hands cannot rumple the thick, soaked trousers which envelop his legs like cold armour; he does not give up, but rubs his legs again and again.

Pain makes itself felt. Feeling returns. Now he can afford to rest a bit, to save energy for getting ashore.

Kunitsyn lies in the boat as if in a cradle. The waves push him, shake him. He won't give way to drowsiness; he'll watch the beacon.

Kunitsyn rises in despair. The beacon has gone out. Now that the boat is so close to the shore, he can even hear the surf. Two nights and a day have been wasted. Let's get

away from this dead island!

Suddenly the light comes on again. One, two—darkness. Kunitsyn counts in a hoarse voice. He does not believe his eyes. Three—light; four, five—darkness; six—light. The beacon is working!

Ivan begins to laugh, hoarsely, sobbing.

The beacon never once stopped beaming; it simply hid behind a cliff when the boat approached the island.

Never say die. The laughter cheered him up.

This time he can't afford to repeat the former mistake and pull in anywhere, frantically. He makes up his mind to reconnoitre the island first, to select a suitable place for going ashore.

The island looks like a horse-shoe: a small, convenient bay cuts inland. The boat heads for the bay, dodging snags.

He is lucky. It is high tide, and the waves carry the boat closer to the shore.

Ivan clutches at the bare, sharp branches of a tree washed ashore, pulls himself up and hauls his weary body ashore.

Then he pulls the boat out of the water. The rubber at the sides is worn thin. Had the island been a few miles farther off, he would never have reached it. He tugs the boat ashore carefully, giving sharp rocks a wide berth.

Rocks beyond the surf-line are not so slippery, and it is easier to crawl there.

The left leg begins to help him, pushing the body on; it is alive and

not froshütten. But he can't move the right one, on which he has been sitting all the time.

He can now lean against a boulder and take off the boot. His fingers struggle with the knot. He cuts the lace and feels a sharp pain in his leg.

"Help!" he shouts. "Help!"

No answer. The shore is littered with dead twigs, planks, boards.

Kunitsyn crawls along the shore, looking for sticks that could be made into crutches. At last he finds a couple that will do. He shortens one of them with the knife.

Resting heavily on the crutches, Ivan walks uphill towards the lighthouse.

It is some 50 yards off. Each step causes him sharp pain. Now and then he falls, the slope is so steep.

The burner, the hood, the convex lenses and the tongue of eternal flame are the same.

This time Kunitsyn takes extra precautions.

Burning his comb

He gathers moss, grass, the driest, most resinous chips and makes a small heap. He leaves nothing to chance. A single spark will set it aflame.

The lighthouse shields it against the wind. Out of his pockets comes anything that will burn: a comb, a fountain pen. The rubber tube of his mouthpiece will do, too.

This time the hood opens easily. He touches the glass. Flash! Ivan instinctively jerks back for fear that the light may go out at the touch.

He lifts the hood and shields the light with his jacket to protect it from the wind. Then he brings the comb closer to the burner.

It catches fire at once and burns out in two seconds. Too bad.

Kunitsyn sets fire to the tube of his mouthpiece. White tongues of barely visible flame lick along it. Forgetting his crutches he steps outside, bends low, almost falls, and inserts the burning tube beneath the heap of grass.

Invisible presence

After so many hours adrift in the rough sea, his nerves are on edge. His eyes are closed, but he is aware of an invisible presence. Any strange sound makes his heart beat violently.

Has something happened to the fire?

No, the fire is all right.

Something elongated comes into view. A launch! A deckhouse, a short mast. A launch coming into shore.

Ivan jumps to his feet, waving to the launch.

They can't fail to see him.

The launch manoeuvres, grows bigger, heads straight for the island. He sees people on deck. But it does not pull in.

It is moving away!

Ivan throws his crutch into the air. Aboard the launch people shout something, wave their hands, it seems; but the launch recedes into the distance.

It must be a mirage, a wild flight of fancy. The launch will dissolve in

the sea the way the night ships did!

Ivan throws into the fire anything that comes to hand: damp boards, chippings, his crutch. . . .

A message is radioed: "Kunitsyn found. He is alive."

A helicopter approaches the island to pick Kunitsyn up and take him to hospital.

A few days later the newspapers published a Decree of the Presidium

of the USSR Supreme Soviet saying:

"Pilot-captain Kunitsyn I.T. is awarded the Order of the Red Banner for outstanding valour, fortitude and presence of mind in an emergency. . . ."

Ivan Kunitsyn spent a considerable time in hospital.

On recuperating he began to fly again, despite all the doubts of the doctors.

THOUGHTS OF LEO TOLSTOY

- A man must always be joyful. When joy goes, seek your mistake.
- *What is great and sincere is always simple and modest.*
- Genuine wisdom is sparing of words.
- Brevity, like a pearl, is radiant with intrinsic worth.
- It is a quality of love that it brings good to those who experience it.

THE SAUCE MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

The first nine of the sauces we give here are purely Russian. The others may perhaps seem familiar to you, for the majority of Russian sauces are of French origin, having come here from France about two centuries ago at the time of Catherine II, a great admirer of all things French. Some of the sauces of that time are still made from the original French recipes, while others have been adapted by the authors of cookery books to suit Russian tastes and possibilities.

In most cases, the dish with which the sauce is served is stated. This has not been done with the horseradish sauces, for in Russia, horseradish is served with a wide variety of dishes, including boiled, roast and fried beef, roast and fried mutton, and any kind of fish.

Hot Horseradish Sauce

- $\frac{1}{2}$ breakfast cup grated horseradish
- 1 breakfast cup sour cream
- 2 yolks of egg
- 1 tsp lemon juice
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp sugar

Beat up yolks, add sour cream, stir well and mix with the horseradish. Heat on a low gas for five minutes, stirring constantly so that the sauce thickens slightly. Remove from gas, add lemon juice, salt and sugar. Serve hot.

Cold Horseradish Sauce

- $\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup grated horseradish
- $\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup white breadcrumbs
- 1 tbs vinegar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup sour cream
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp sugar

Soak breadcrumbs in vinegar, add sour cream and beat well. Then add horseradish, salt, and sugar. Serve cold.

Iced Horseradish Sauce

- $\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup grated horseradish
- 1 tbs mayonnaise
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup sour cream
- 1 tbs vinegar
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp sugar

Combine mayonnaise and sour cream, add horseradish, vinegar, salt and sugar, and mix well. Leave to stand in freezing compartment of refrigerator for six hours before serving.

Spiced Sprat Sauce for Potato Salad or Cold Boiled Fish

- 8 medium-sized spiced sprats (or anchovies)
- 2 hard-boiled egg yolks
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tbs olive oil
- 2 tbs vinegar
- 1 tsp sugar
- pepper to taste

Clean sprats, mince, add egg yolks and mix to a paste. Add pepper, then pour in oil in a thin trickle. Mix to a thick paste consistency. Sprinkle with sugar and leave to stand for 15 minutes. Add vinegar.

Hot Sprat Sauce for Fish

- 8 spiced sprats (or anchovies)
- 1 onion
- 1 tbs olive oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup meat stock
- 2 egg yolks
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp highly seasoned sauce
- pepper to taste

Chop onion finely and mince sprats. Fry both slightly in oil, then add cream, stock, pepper and bring to the boil. Allow to cool a little, then add beaten egg yolks. Heat on a low gas until the sauce thickens slightly. Serve hot.

Walnut Sauce for Fried Fish

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb shelled walnuts
- 3 tbs water
- 1 tsp salt
- 2 hard-boiled egg yolks
- 2 tbs salad oil
- 1 tsp sugar
- 1 tbs breadcrumbs
- 1 tbs sharp mustard (already mixed)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup vinegar

Mince nuts or pound in a mortar. Gradually add water and salt and mix well. Grate egg yolks and add oil to them in a thin trickle, stirring constantly. Then add sugar, breadcrumbs and mustard, mix with the minced nuts, add vinegar and mix well.

This sauce is usually spread on fried fish, and is rarely served separately.

Tomato Sauce for Meat, Chicken or Fish

- 3 tbs tomato paste
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbs flour
- 1 tbs olive oil
- 2 bkfst cups meat stock
- 3 tbs sour cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
- 1 egg yolk
- pepper to taste

Fry flour in oil until brown. Add tomato paste and fry for 12 minutes. Now add stock, bring to the boil and gradually pour in sour cream, stirring vigorously. Bring to the boil again, add salt, beaten egg yolk and a pinch of pepper. If the tomato paste is not sharp enough, add a few drops of lemon juice.

Tomato Sauce for Fried or Roast Meat

- $\frac{1}{2}$ bkfst cup tomato purée
- 1 bkfst cup meat stock
- 1 level tbs flour
- 1 small carrot
- 1 small parsley root
- 1 onion
- 1 tbs sharp tomato sauce
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbs butter
- salt to taste

Peel parsley root and onion, cut up and fry in 1 tbs butter and the flour. Add tomato purée, mix well, then add meat stock, stir and cook on a low gas for 8-10 minutes.

After this, add tomato sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ tbs butter. Salt to taste and mix to a smooth consistency. Sieve.

Sour Cream Sauce for Fried or Roast Game

½ bkfat cup sour cream
 1 tbs flour
 1½ tbs butter
 1 bkfat cup meat stock
 salt to taste

Melt 1 tbs butter in saucepan, sprinkle in flour, and fry lightly. Add stock gradually, stirring, then sour cream. Cook on a low gas for 5-10 minutes. Then add salt and ½ tbs butter, and mix well.

Vinaigrette Sauce for Cold Fish or Pork

1 egg
 2 tbs vegetable oil
 2-3 tbs vinegar
 ½ tbs capers
 ½ fresh ridge cucumber
 ½ onion
 ½ tbs chopped parsley
 ½ tbs tarragon leaves
 ½ tap sugar
 salt and pepper to taste

Put hard-boiled yolk of egg through a sieve, and mix in a china bowl with salt, pepper and butter. Mix in vinegar and add finely chopped egg white, onion, capers, parsley, tarragon and cucumber. Mix again.

Fruit and Berry Sauce for Fried or Roast Game or Goose

2 tbs blackcurrant jam
 ½ tap made-up mustard
 1 tbs port
 ½ tbs lemon and orange peel
 ½ small onion
 lemon and orange juice to taste
 pepper to taste

Thoroughly mix jam and mustard, add port, lemon and orange juice and put the mixture through a sieve. Cut lemon and orange peel into thin strips and leave in boiling water for one minute. Do the same with chopped onion, cool both peel and onion, mix into sauce and add pepper.

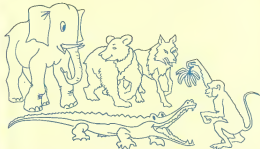
Mushroom Sauce for Baked Vegetable Pie

2 oz dried mushrooms
 1 tbs flour
 1 onion
 2 tbs butter
 salt to taste

Wash mushrooms in warm water and leave to soak for 2-3 hours in 3 cups of cold water. Then boil mushrooms in the same water, without salt.

Melt 1 tbs butter in frying pan, sprinkle in flour, and fry until golden brown. Stir in 2 cups mushroom stock. Cook on a low gas for 15-20 minutes.

Fry finely chopped onion in remaining butter, add chopped boiled mushrooms and fry a little more. Add mixture to sauce, salt and bring to the boil.

RUSSIAN FOR YOU**Урок четвертый Lesson Four
НЕМНОГО О ЖИВОТНЫХ**

Джон приехал в Москву из Лондона для того, чтобы усовершенствоваться в русском языке. В скором времени он познакомился с Евгением, преподавателем английского языка в средней школе.

Однажды Джон и Евгений пошли в московский зоопарк. Естественно, что после этого речь зашла о животных.

— Тебе никогда не приходила в голову мысль о том, что люди очень часто — и несправедливо — переносят свои недостатки на животных? — спросил Джон.

— Бедные животные, — рассмеялся Евгений. — Во всем виноваты баснописцы, начиная с Эзопа.

— Послушай, Евгений, — сказал Джон, — ты бы не смог рассказать мне о некоторых наиболее употребительных в русском языке выражениях, связанных с животными? Это было бы для меня и интересно, и полезно.

— С удовольствием, Джон, но только с условием, что ты потом расскажешь мне об английских выражениях.

— Договорились! — сказал Джон. — Ну, начинай.

— Ладно. Начну с того, что мы переносим на всех животных одну из самых неприятных человеческих черт, когда говорим о ком-то, что «в нём проснулся зверь»¹). Затем, мы говорим, что человек «косолап»²), обижая тем самым медведя, что такая-то женщина «толстая, как корова»³). В общем, достаётся многим животным. Например, мы говорим о том, что человек: «ершится»⁴), «петушится»⁵), «соловует»⁶), «проливает крокодиловы слёзы».

— Последнее выражение звучит почти точно так же по-английски, — заметил Джон.

— Ну, это понятно. Ведь в России нет крокодилов, поэтому все те выражения, которые касаются несуществующих у нас животных — импортированы.

— Ну, продолжай, это всё очень интересно, — сказал Джон.

— Человек у нас «врёт, как сивый мерин»⁷), «играет с другими в кошки-мышки»⁸), «пьёт, как лошадь»⁹), «напивается, как свинья». Он «труслив, как заяц», «извивается, как уж», у него «лисьи повадки»¹⁰), он «прилипает как пиявка». Но это далеко не всё.

— Прости, что я тебя перебиваю, но я хотел бы знать, бывает ли так, что название животного у вас звучит как ругательство?

— Ещё бы! Вот тебе несколько примеров: шакал, ишак, осёл, верблюд, жаба, индюк, баран, паук, свинья, змея. Худосочную и злую женщину называют выдрой, толстого, краснолицего мужчину — боровом. Если человек смотрит на тебя, раскрыв рот от изумления, то вполне можно его спросить: что ты уставился, как баран на новые ворота? Об очень глупом человеке говорят, что у него «куриние мозги». Если хочешь объяснить свой плохой поступок тем, что все так делают, то говоришь: с волками жить, по-волчьи выть¹¹).

— Да, животным по-русски достаётся не меньше, чем по-английски, — сказал Джон. — Но скажи вот что: есть ли у вас хвалебные выражения, в которых упоминаются звери?

— Есть, но, честно говоря, их меньше. Мы говорим, например, о собачьей преданности, о львином сердце, орлином взгляде, кошачьей ловкости, грациозности лани, муравьином трудолюбии. Можно сказать, что такой-то поёт, как соловей, что он работает, как лошадь, плавает, как рыба. Рыбам тоже страшно достаётся. Например: рыбий глаз¹²); акула империализма; молчит, как рыба: бьётся, как рыба об лёд¹³); ни рыба ни мясо. Если женщина чересчур худа, она — селёдка. Словом, сколько животных — столько и выражений.

— Что ж, — сказал Джон, — я постараюсь запомнить то, что ты рассказал.

— Теперь ты расскажи мне об английских выражениях, — попросил Евгений.

— Ты знаешь, давай отложим это на другой раз: я опаздываю на свидание.

— Хорош гусь!¹⁴) — ответил Евгений и весьма довольный своей уместной шуткой, пожелал Джону удачи.

НЕСКОЛЬКО АНЕКДОТОВ О ЖИВОТНЫХ

Однажды в результате авиационной катастрофы в пустыне оказался старый скрипач. Только он да его скрипка уцелели. Он шёл, шёл по пустыне и вдруг навстречу ему — лев! Музыкант вспомнил, что музыка якобы действует на диких зверей успокаивающе и заиграл на скрипке. Лев сел и стал слушать. Вскоре присоединился к нему второй лев, затем третий, четвёртый, пятый . . . Вдруг появился огромный, старый лев. Увидев человека, он растолкал своих собратьев, кинулся на скрипача и съел его.

— Как тебе не стыдно? — заговорили другие львы. — Он так чудесно играл!

В ответ старый лев приложил лапу к уху и сказал: — Ась?¹⁵⁾



Слон купается в море. Вдруг к берегу подходит мышка и кричит:

— Эй, ты, толстый! Ну-ка, марш на берег!

— А что такое?

— Поговори, поговори у меня!¹⁶⁾ Выходи, да поживее!¹⁷⁾

Слон выходит, совершенно пораженный нахальством мыши.



Мышь посмотрела на слона, потом говорит:

— Ладно, вали отсюда!¹⁸⁾

— Слушай, может скажешь, в чём дело?

— Так и быть!¹⁹⁾ скажу. Кто-то стянул²⁰⁾ мои купальные трусики, вот я и подумала, что, может быть, ты.

РУССКИЕ ПОСЛОВИЦЫ И ПОГОВОРКИ О ЖИВОТНЫХ

Без кота мышам масленица²¹⁾.

Близ норы лиса на промысел не ходит²²⁾.

Быть собаке битой — найдётся и палка²³⁾.

В мутной воде рыба ловится²⁴⁾.

Взнуздать коня с хвоста²⁵⁾.

Видна птица по полету²⁶⁾.

Волк в овечьей шкуре²⁷⁾.

Волк и каждый год линяет, да обычая не меняет²⁸⁾.

Волков бояться — в лес не ходить²⁹⁾.

Ворон ворону глаз не выклюет³⁰⁾.

Вороне соколом не быть³¹⁾.

Вот где собака зарыта³²⁾.

Всяк кулик своё болото хвалит³³⁾.

Дарёному коню в зубы не смотрят³⁴⁾.

Делать из мухи слона³⁵⁾.

Делить шкуру неубитого медведя³⁶⁾.

За двумя зайцами погонишься, ни одного не поймаешь³⁷⁾.

Заморить червячка³⁸⁾.

Золотая клетка соловья не красит³⁹).
 И волки сыты, и овцы целы⁴⁰).
 Когда рак свистнет⁴¹).
 Кошке смех, мышке слёзы⁴²).
 Лить крокодиловы слёзы⁴³).
 Лучше синица в руках, чем журавль в небе⁴⁴).
 Метать бисер перед свиньями⁴⁵).
 На безрыбье и рак рыба⁴⁶).
 Не бойся той собаки, которая лает⁴⁷).
 Ночью все кошки серы⁴⁸).
 Одна ласточка весны не делает⁴⁹).
 По когтям узнают льва⁵⁰).
 Покупать kota в мешке⁵¹).
 С медведем дружись, а за топор держись⁵²).
 Слово не воробей, вылетит — не поймаешь⁵³).
 Собака лает — ветер носит⁵⁴).
 Собаку съест на чём-либо⁵⁵).
 Цыплят по осени считают⁵⁶).
 Чёрного кобеля не отмоешь добела⁵⁷).
 Яйца курицу не учат⁵⁸).

NOTES

³⁹ *Lit.* The beast in him awoke.

⁴⁰ *Lit.* Cross-pawed.

⁴¹ *Lit.* Fat as a cow.

⁴² Always used in the sense to be spoiling for a fight.

⁴³ To boast.

⁴⁴ To be drunk, stupefied.

⁷¹ *Lit.* To lie like a grey gelding. Why a grey gelding lies is something nobody knows. The English equivalent is to lie like a trooper.

⁸¹ To play cat-and-mouse.

⁹¹ Meaning to be a drunkard.

¹⁰¹ Used to describe a very sly person.

¹¹¹ *Lit.* If you live among wolves, you must howl like one.

¹²¹ Meaning an extremely unpleasant, opaque stare.

¹³¹ The same sense as to beat one's head against a wall.

¹⁴¹ To call someone a good goose actually means something like wise guy, Smart Alec.

¹⁵¹ Meaning What?

¹⁶¹ Watch your tongue!

¹⁷¹ Make it snappy!

¹⁸¹ Beat it! (*very colloq.*).

¹⁹¹ Very condescending.

²⁰¹ Swiped.

We give here the literal translation and, when necessary, the meaning of each proverb, hoping that our readers will find it interesting to supply the English equivalent.

²¹¹ When the cat's away, it's a mouse holiday.

²²¹ The fox never hunts near its own den.

²³¹ If the dog has to be beaten, a stick will always be found.

²⁴¹ Fish are caught easily in muddy waters.

²⁵¹ To saddle the horse from the tail (meaning, to do something the wrong way).

²⁶¹ Recognise the bird by its flight.

²⁷¹ A wolf in a sheep's skin.

²⁸¹ The wolf sheds its fur yearly, but changes not its habits.

²⁹¹ If you fear wolves, don't enter the forest.

³⁰¹ One crow will never blind another.

³¹¹ A crow can never be a falcon.

- 32³ That's where the dog is buried (meaning, that is the reason).
- 33³ Any snipe praises its own swamp.
- 34³ Don't look a gift-horse in the mouth.
- 35³ To make an elephant out of a fly (meaning, to make a mountain out of a molehill).
- 36³ To divide the skin of a living bear (meaning, to discuss the results of something not yet done).
- 37³ Chase two hares, you'll not catch one.
- 38³ To kill the worm (meaning, to satisfy one's appetite).
- 39³ A golden cage does not make the nightingale more beautiful.
- 40³ The wolves are full and the sheep are safe (to find a solution that satisfies all concerned).
- 41³ When the shrimp whistles.
- 42³ Cat's laughter - mouse's tears.
- 43³ To shed crocodile tears.
- 44³ Better a bluebird in hand than a crane in the sky.
- 45³ To cast pearls before swine.
- 46³ In fishless times even a crab is a fish.
- 47³ Fear not the barking dog.
- 48³ At night all cats are grey.
- 49³ One swallow does not mean spring.
- 50³ Know the lion by its claws.
- 51³ To buy a cat in a bag (to buy something without seeing it).
- 52³ Be friends with a bear, but keep an axe handy.
- 53³ A word is not like a sparrow - once it has flown out, it cannot be caught.
- 54³ Dog barks, wind carries (meaning, there is little harm in angry words).
- 55³ To eat a dog on something (to be a great specialist on a given subject).
- 56³ Count your chicks in autumn (meaning, do not make rash forecasts).
- 57³ You'll never wash a black dog white.
- 58³ The egg should not preach to the hen.

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